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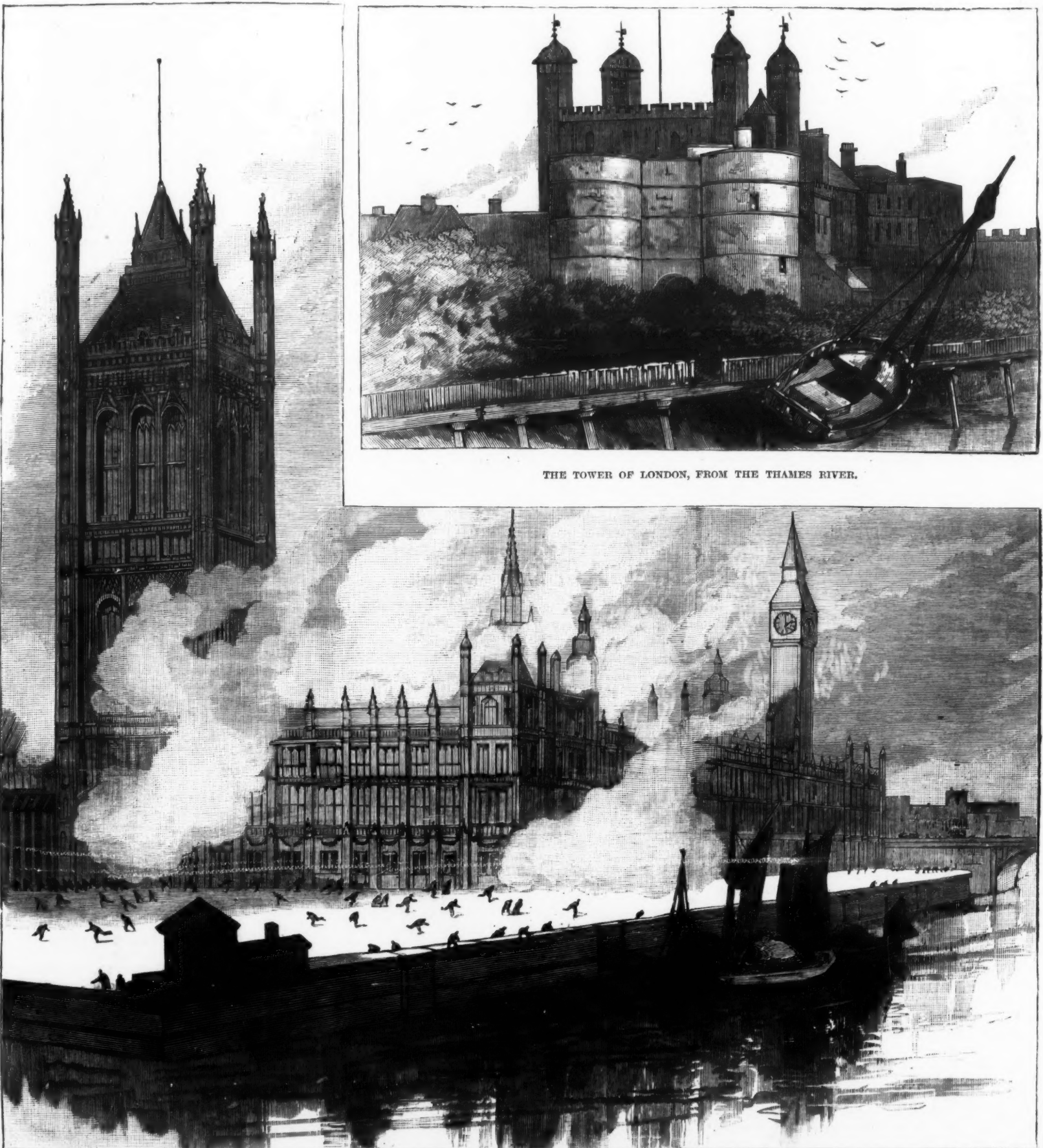
FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**NEWSPAPER**

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THE TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE THAMES RIVER.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, SHOWING WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED.

ENGLAND.—SCENES OF THE LONDON DYNAMITE OUTRAGES OF LAST SATURDAY.—SEE PAGE 389.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1885.

#### TREATIES BEFORE THE SENATE.

THERE are no less than three important treaties now engaging the consideration of the country and the Senate. There is apparently a becoming disposition on the part of the treaty ratifying body not to act hastily or inconsiderately. The probabilities are strong that the Senate will neither ratify nor reject any of the pending conventions during the present session.

There are points and provisions relating to all these treaties that will in time, doubtless, be better understood. Whether the Nicaragua Treaty is or is not in disregard of our existing treaty obligations with England, it would certainly seem that it is altogether too advantageous to Nicaragua. We make that power a present of four millions of dollars in perpetuity to begin with, at the nominal interest of three *per centum*. For this sum we do not secure the right of way, because this must be paid for to private owners, but only the right to spend more money. How much money must be spent to complete the canal no one exactly knows. The estimates of the civil engineers have varied from fifty to nearly two hundred millions. After spending some unascertainable amount, all of which must be furnished by the United States, we divide the control of the completed canal with Nicaragua, and pay over to her one-third of all the profits for all time. While this is manifestly a good bargain for one of the high contracting parties, it is not so clear that it is a good bargain for both. But time may modify this view and perhaps the treaty also.

The Spanish Treaty, as it stands, is a very advantageous treaty to Spain. Emilio Castelar and other Spanish statesmen so consider it. But whether the loss of thirty millions of dollars per annum by the removal of the duties from Cuban and Porto Rican sugar and tobacco, is compensated by our increased export trade to those islands, is to say the least debatable. Some thirty millions of revenue have hitherto been received from these two staple articles, imported from other countries. There must necessarily be a falling off in the revenues received from sugars and tobacco that pay duty, if half of those importations are to come in free. The East India and Brazilian sugars and Sumatra tobacco would find other markets. Precisely how there can be perfect reciprocity in trade between fifty-five millions of highly civilized people and the two millions of blacks, Indians, coolies, slaves and slave-traders who inhabit Porto Rico and Cuba, has not been set forth by Minister Foster as minutely as we could wish. That the Spaniards and Cubans will make this treaty truly reciprocal, or make it almost anything we may desire, seems probable from the manifest anxiety they exhibit to have it speedily ratified and put in force.

Of the Mexican Treaty little need be said, except that it is more advantageous to this country than either of the other conventions. If the Mexicans have really a fixed, stable Government, so that the property of Americans is safe from confiscation there, and so that contracts entered into by those now in power will be fulfilled by their successors, then there is no good reason why closer commercial relations with Mexico may not prove equally profitable to both countries.

#### SOUTH AMERICAN EXPLORATION.

WHILE every nook and out-of-the-way place in Africa—which for so many years was regarded as the "Dark Continent"—is being explored and mapped out, large portions of the South American Continent remain still a *terra incognita*. Such eminent observers as Humboldt, Agassiz, Wympier and others, visited various parts of the continent and collected much valuable information; but of late our knowledge of South America has not been sensibly increased, and no such efforts have been made to explore it, as have been so successful in the case of Africa. As a consequence, the topography, geology and natural history of large tracts are unknown, and mountain ranges and rivers are, in some instances, incorrectly located in the maps. This indifference relative to South America apparently is not to continue any longer, as travelers and scientists are now exploring its mountain ranges, dense forests and extensive pampas.

One of the principal of these is Dr. Güsfeldt, a naturalist, whose collections made in the Congo regions have enriched several German museums, and who is now exploring the region of country lying between the Argentine pampas and the Pacific Ocean. South of Dr. Güsfeldt's field of exploration, a party, soon to be sent out by the Argentine Institute of Geography is to investigate the Patagonian Andes with the intention of following the mountains to the Straits of Magellan. Mr. Thurm is now surveying Roraima, one of the principal mountains in British Guiana. This is probably the most remarkable mountain in the world. Its sides are covered with a dense growth of trees until an altitude of 7,000 feet is attained, when the mountain rises 1,500 feet perpendicularly in an unbroken mass of rock, ending at the top in a granite floor, forty square miles in extent.

Dr. Clauss, the German explorer, lately arrived at Paris, after following the Xingu River from its source in Central Brazil to its confluence with the Amazon. This river is one of the largest of the southern affluents of the Amazon, and until its recent exploration was unknown throughout 1,000 miles of its course. During Dr. Clauss's travels he and his companions met Indian tribes of whom nothing was known before, and succeeded in making valuable collections in natural history.

The interests of science will doubtless be advanced by such explorations, and as vast tracts of the South American Continent are almost uninhabited, it may become in the near future a favorite field for emigration, when the increase of the population in the United States has rendered a further addition to its population from foreign countries undesirable.

#### SENATOR EVARTS.

THE election of William Maxwell Evarts to the United States Senate is an event highly honorable to the Republican Party, to the Empire State, and to the country. Upon this point, happily, there is no disagreement, Democrats and Republicans alike holding him in esteem as a man and a statesman, than whom no one in the State is better equipped for the public service. Thoroughly familiar with common, statute and international law, in all their various complications; understanding fully our republican scheme of government and the relations between the Nation and the State, he is, withal, a man of spotless private character, and an orator capable of enlightening and persuading men. Not often has the great State of New York been represented in the Senate by a stronger man, or one more devoted to the public welfare, or one less likely to fail in great emergencies.

Two objections have been made to him in some quarters. One of these is that he is too old; the other that his allegiance to his party is not so firm as it ought to be. But these objections, we think, are far from imperative. Mr. Evarts, if he lives a fortnight longer, will be sixty-seven years of age. He is younger than Gladstone by eight years, and younger than John Quincy Adams was when he performed the grandest work of his life in the House of Representatives. His health is reasonably good, he is in full possession of his intellectual faculties, and he has ambition enough, we trust, to save him from the inertia which sometimes overtakes men at his time of life.

Of the second objection it is enough to say that a true statesman must have courage to prefer principle to party at all times. Mr. Evarts was a Whig until his party was wrecked on the rock of slavery. Since then he has been a Republican; and when was there a time that his great learning and eloquence were not at the service of his party? True, he differed from his party on the question of Andrew Johnson's impeachment; but what Republican to-day is not glad that the impeachment failed? Politicians—"practical politicians," as they delight to call themselves—not infrequently drive the ship dangerously near the breakers, when it would go hard with the party if it had no statesman to take the helm. History is full of lessons upon this point.

The real objection which a few Republicans feel to Mr. Evarts is that he is not enough of a political manager, that he does not know how to control caucuses, or handle what is called the "machine." As well complain that a razor or a surgeon's knife is not fit for a grubbing hoe. Of men to organize and run the "machine" there is never a lack. Nor do we by any means deny or depreciate their usefulness. So long as political parties are necessary, there must be politicians as well as statesmen, and they are not necessarily to be despised. A politician, though no statesman, may be honest, and serve his party well. But in the United States Senate we need statesmen rather than politicians; and the party that is represented in that body by the former has reason to congratulate itself. A Senator who spends his time and all his power of intrigue in acquiring and distributing patronage, while incapable of discussing great questions of State, presents a sorry spectacle. There are too many Senators of this sort already, and we are glad the State of New York has not added one to their number. In saying this, however, we must not be understood as making a disparaging allusion, or any allusion whatever, to Mr. Evarts's chief competitor, who is a very worthy gentleman, and would doubtless have made a good Senator. We only insist that Mr. Evarts's qualifications are of a still higher character, and that his election is an event of great significance.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ARKANSAS.

DURING the first day's session of the Arkansas Legislature, it elected two young ladies as engrossing and enrolling clerk respectively—well-paid, difficult and responsible positions. The fact is notable mainly for the motives that were appealed to. Only ladies were put in nomination for the places—six of them as rivals. One member objected that it was unconstitutional to elect a woman to office; another retorted that it was the first time he "ever heard that it was unconstitutional for a man to support a woman." Mr. Barry, of Hot Springs, nominated Mattie Powell for engrossing clerk, "declaring that she was well qualified, and also one of the handsomest young ladies in the State. He advised the young marriageable members to vote for her, as well as the

married members with sickly wives; the members with strong, healthy wives, too, for, as he said, 'who knows what a moment can bring forth?' Another member vouched for Miss Powell's personal charms, and a third declared: "If I ever have to choose another wife, I would just as soon have her as the best one in the State." Then they elected a Miss Pettigrew, apparently on the ground of her efficiency. Miss Bethunia Roane was urged, in speeches of lofty eloquence, for the office of enrolling clerk, and after the honorable members had got through praising her and weeping over her heroic father "who left his daughter to the guardian care of the State," they at once, with real masculine consistency, went and elected another girl to the place in whose favor not a word had been said. The four defeated candidates probably think that, like the verdict of a petit jury, the intention of a masculine Legislature must be classified among unscrutable things.

#### THE SOUDAN PUZZLE.

THE battle fought by General Stewart last week for the possession of the Abu-Klea Wells signalizes the re-awakening of interest in the Soudan question. Wolseley's expedition to relieve Gordon is almost at Khartoum. The Mahdi and his mysterious forces are between him and the mud ramparts of that foundation of Mehemet Ali's. What resistance will the Mahdi offer to Wolseley's advance? When Wolseley reaches Khartoum, and he and Gordon have celebrated the occasion of the latter's "deliverance" in the comfortable executive palace, what then?

The engagement at the Abu-Klea Wells is an earnest that the march to Khartoum will not end without some bloodshed. The Mahdi cannot afford to fizzle out of evidence without a fight, and the nature of the affair at Abu-Klea shows that, with the material at his command, he can give considerable trouble. The British held the ground and gained possession of the coveted wells; but the encounter has created no prestige. And to create prestige by a first brilliant battle was Wolseley's expectation, as it has been his policy in all his recent African campaigns. The Arabs broke the British square, inflicted considerable loss, and retired in good order. The result must only have emboldened, not demoralized, them. The Mahdi has yet to strike his great blow.

But, of course, Wolseley will get to Khartoum—it is only a question of more or less bloodshed. What then?

It is almost exactly twelve months—it will be on the 18th of February—since Gordon arrived in Khartoum. What has he been doing there since? To any one who has studied the situation closely, it is quite plain that this question of "relieving" Gordon has a farcical side. Not only is Gordon safe in Khartoum, with a garrison well-armed and storehouses filled with provisions and supplies gathered there for the annihilated army of General Hicks, but Gordon could have left Khartoum whenever he had chosen. Good roads, towards the Great Lakes and the Congo, or towards Zanzibar and Massowah, have been open to him. Not only has he not been blockaded, but with his flotilla of fifteen gunboats, constantly cruising along the White and Blue Niles (at whose confluence Khartoum is built), he can command so much of the country about the rivers as to keep himself supplied with provisions for an indefinite period, while at the same time depriving his adversaries literally of bread and water. Why is he being "relieved" then, and by an expedition under such a General as Lord Wolseley?

The whole Gordon-Khartoum question presents evidences of what may prove to be a very deep game on the part of England. Wolseley has not gone to Khartoum merely to march an army there and then march it back again. When Gordon is "relieved" will the Soudan be evacuated? Had the relief of Gordon been the only object, why was not the quickest and easiest route, by the Red Sea, chosen instead of the slowest and most difficult route by the Nile?

Gordon's instructions, going to Khartoum, are best summed up in his own words: "I am going there to cut the dog's tail off." He meant that he was going to make the scission between the Soudan and Egypt complete. In December, 1883, Sir Evelyn Baring forced the Khédive of Egypt to sign a formal renunciation of all conquests made in Nubia and the Soudan by his ancestors and generals from 1819 to 1881. England is now in the Soudan. She is mistress of the Red Sea littoral. Who but she can inherit those provinces so foolishly abandoned by Tewfik? Who can dispute their possession with her? There is no embarrassing factor in the business as there might have been had Gordon's "relief" been unduly hastened—such as Turkish troops from Suakim, Zebehr Pasha, or the son of the dispossessed Sultan of Darfur, who now preserve the Egyptian traditions.

When Wolseley reaches Khartoum, when the Mahdi is appeased with the Sultanship of Kordofan or Darfoor (already offered to him), it is possible General Gordon may declare himself the true *deus ex machina* and announce that the dog's tail has been cut off very cleverly indeed.

#### SPREADING ANARCHY.

ENGLAND is inconsistent. She thinks America ought to arrest and punish the seditionist, O'Donovan Rossa; but she herself permits Henry George, the socialist, to stir up the people of that realm at his own



pleasure. As a matter of fact, Mr. George is a far more dangerous man than Rossa, for he goes beneath fixed foundations, and the revolution he proposes is radical. Rossa says, "Landlords have no right to tax Irish tenants so heavily; we will compel them to be just"; George says, "Landlords have no right to tax Irish tenants at all, or English tenants, or any tenants anywhere, for there is no property in land, and all so-called landowners are thieves." This latter proclamation is ten times more to be feared; for it strikes at the very basis of civilization and menaces all nations alike. Yet the socialist is permitted to address an audience of 10,000 in London, while the London newspapers are clamoring for the punishment of Rossa for the expressing of much less radical opinions and the giving of much less pestilent advice. George's declaration includes Rossa's as the greater includes the less, for if there is no property in land there is no property in anything; and when the London authorities not only permit him to speak, but permit him to circulate pamphlets headed, "Blood, Bullets and Bayonets," they are estopped from calling New York to order for allowing the Rooster of Revenge to crow over the exploits that somebody is going to perform.

#### A REIGN OF TERROR IN LONDON.

AS this paper goes to press, the cable brings startling news from London. Terrific explosions, presumably of dynamite, have occurred simultaneously in the Houses of Parliament and within the walls of the venerable and historic Tower. A considerable number of persons are reported to have been injured by this, the boldest, the most villainous, and, it may be added, the stupidest of all the plots thus far carried out by the gang of conspirators who infest the British capital. The fragmentary statements of the telegraphic dispatches regarding the wild excitement of the populace are ominous. "Quick and sure revenge on somebody, no matter whom!" is the cry of the mob, now that the long-culminating feeling of insecurity has reached the pitch of terror. But meantime, the first accounts, incoherent and perhaps exaggerated, are too slight a basis upon which to build any formidable superstructure of speculation at the present moment.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have elsewhere commented upon the situation of affairs in the Sudan, and the probable consequences of the battle fought last week near the Abu-Klea Wells between a British force of 1,500 men and some 10,000 rebels. The British losses in this engagement included nine officers and sixty-five men killed, and ninety-four wounded, Lieutenant-colonel Burnaby, who made the famous "Ride to Khiva," being among the former. The rebel loss is reported at 8,000 killed and 2,000 wounded. A despatch from Lord Wolseley states that the Mahdi has captured Omdurman, which faces and commands Khartoum, and it is obvious that this fact must increase the difficulties of the British advance. Meanwhile, the lack of trustworthy news concerning the movements of General Stewart after the battle causes anxiety, and it is feared that his column may have been surrounded by the rebels. Metemneh is said to be strongly occupied by the Mahdi's forces, only a portion of which were massed at Abu-Klea; and their possession of Omdurman, also, may prevent the passage of General Gordon's steamers.

The mission of Hassan Fehmi, the Turkish Minister of Justice, to England, regarding the government of Egypt, has excited much interest and curiosity. It was thought that after his past asseverations, Mr. Gladstone could never commit himself to an alliance with the "unspeakable Turk"; but it would appear that an agreement has been made, allowing for the armed occupation of Egypt by Turkish troops. The *Pall Mall Gazette* even publishes the purported text of this agreement, which provides that Turkish troops shall occupy Egypt, with the exception of the ports of Alexandria, Damietta, Port Said and Suez, which England will continue to occupy; that Turkey shall undertake to maintain order in the interior after the capture of Khartoum; that England shall retain the garrisons on the Red Sea littoral and abandon the Sudan to Turkey, and that Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, shall be deposed, the Sultan of Turkey to appoint in his stead a pasha who does not belong to the family of Mehemet Ali. It is also reported that the late Cabinet councils have resulted in an acceptance of the French proposals regarding Egyptian finances as a basis for negotiation, provided that "no dual or multiple control" of the country shall be instituted, and that the coupon shall be taxed instead of cut. Germany and Russia will be admitted to representation in the Caisse de la Dette Publique. England will offer to guarantee a loan of £9,000,000, but is willing to discuss the question of international guarantee if the Powers are unanimous on this point. News of this kind, however, must be regarded as more or less speculative. It is not likely that at this stage of affairs the Cabinet intends to abandon its liberty of action in Egypt. At any rate, after a year or more of contradictions and vacillations, there must soon be a decisive solution of the questions, political and fiscal, raised by the chain of events in the Nile country.

Communications received by General Lewal from General Briere de l'Isle at Hanoi indicate an important change in the plan of the French campaign in the East. The Commander-in-Chief in Tonquin announces that he has before him at least eighty thousand Chinese troops, so strongly entrenched as to render any direct attack utterly hopeless. He therefore deems a diversion of his forces near the Chinese position indispensable, and asks that the reinforcements that have already left France, numbering nearly twelve thousand men, be ordered, not to Haiphong, but to Pakhoi. These troops will march along to the frontier to the province of Kwang-si and take the Chinese army in the rear, while General Negrier will operate against the Chinese front.

The Cambodian insurrectionists have suffered defeat and rout at the hands of Colonel Miramondi, the French officer who was sent in pursuit of them.

The latest physical disturbance in Europe has been that of the terrible avalanches in the region of the Piedmontese Alps. Most of the casualties seem to have occurred in the Italian Province of Cuneo. At the village of Frassinio alone, the number of persons killed is stated at 140. The hamlets of Valgrana, Deveis, Rabasso, Chiamonte, and the village of Lamonta, in Southeastern France, have suffered partial or complete demolition. The number of lives

lost cannot be definitely ascertained, but it is certain that several hundred unfortunates have been entombed in the ice and snow. Troops are also stationed at the entrance of the Valle della Maria and other dangerous valleys, where further avalanches may be expected to occur at any moment, to prevent persons from entering them.

Advices from Melbourne show that the popular feeling against the Home Government for allowing the recent German annexations in New Guinea and the neighboring islands still continues strong.

THERE are grave reasons to fear an outbreak of cholera in New York next Summer. The Atlantic Ocean is very narrow now, and our shores are only a few days from the lazar dens of Europe. The frame buildings in Baxter and Mott and Mulberry Streets, in which the terrible epidemic started in 1867, are in a similar unwholesome condition to-day, filled with filthy tenants and febrile conditions ever ready to manifest themselves. So it is a matter in which every citizen in New York is interested, that under the lead of Charles F. Wingate, sanitary engineer, a Sanitary Protective League has been organized, which will surround, with a cordon of intelligent vigilance, the pest-wards of the city. It is virtually a banding together of the existing health societies and of prominent citizens for one specific purpose—to detect the appearance of the dreaded disease and prevent its spread. A similar league, the Sanitary Auxiliary Society of New Orleans, has kept yellow fever out of that city for the last four years. An outbreak of cholera in Europe has always been followed by an attack here the succeeding Summer, and nothing but well-directed effort can save the country from serious ravages.

SWEET are the uses of statistics when applied to the consumption of sugar. Of the 1,133,964 tons received at all Atlantic ports of the United States during 1884, a total of 981,404 tons were used at home. To this must be added 135,443 tons of sugar from the Southern States, making a total of 1,116,847 tons consumed in this country. At 2,240 pounds to the ton, it would appear that there is no valid reason why every man, woman and child in Uncle Sam's family of, say, 55,000,000, should not be thoroughly sweetened, provided each one got an equal share of the sugar.

THE Medico-Legal Association has taken measures to secure secrecy to a certain class of trials, and exclude reporters and the general public when witnesses are on the stand the publication of whose testimony would be productive of evil. This is a move in the right direction. Not many years ago Mr. Dayton, our Minister to Paris, called attention to this matter, and affirmed the superiority of French judicial methods to our own where not only are reporters permitted to spread broadcast demoralizing evidence, but criminals are enabled to be present and learn important facts concerning counterfeiting and kindred arts from the testimony of scientific experts.

A WELL-DEFINED doubt is taking possession of the public mind as to the benefits of inter-collegiate boat-racing, baseball and other muscular contests. Tom Hughes gave a great impulse to the Gospel of Gymnastics, an impulse which, on the whole, has retarded the best life of the students of this generation. Wilkie Collins set a good many to thinking when he drew the character of Geoffrey Delamaine; and it has recently been averred that no first-class scholar, philosopher or scientist of our day ever took a prize for physical prowess at college. In this connection Princeton College is to be congratulated on its action in withdrawing from the annual rowing contests. Others will do well to follow suit.

THE efforts made to secure the closing of the New Orleans Exposition on Sunday have not been successful. On the contrary, Sunday appears to be the "big day" of the week, special attractions being offered to swell the attendance, such as "free lunches," and the like. It is understood that the Government Building will hereafter be closed on the Sabbath, and it is not at all creditable to the Exposition managers that they do not close the doors absolutely against all visitors. To turn the Exposition into a money-making device on the Christian Sabbath is an affront to the better sentiment of the country, which will be quite certain to affect unfavorably, in the long run, the success of the enterprise.

As a mild offset to the largely increased inducements in the South for pleasure and health-seekers—not to mention the special attractions the New Orleans Exposition offers to everybody—a number of our Northern Summer resorts are trying to develop into Winter resorts as well. At Coney Island one hotel has attempted the experiment of keeping open during the frozen months, and at Elberon a similar effort, on a much larger and more luxurious scale, is announced. Up the Hudson, also, we are told of the inauguration of Winter sports on an imposing scale to tempt visitors, and now Saratoga has gone in for tobogganing, snow-shoe tramps, and other characteristic Canadian sports, with the boldly announced intention of competing with Montreal in its own far-famed and exhilarating specialties.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, at a recent public meeting in London, ventured to enter upon an argument in behalf of free trade in America. He set forth the novel declaration that the American workman is no better off than his English fellow; said that the abolition of the tariff in America would be injurious to British manufacturers; and alleged that "free trade would enable America soon to equal England's merchant marine." This last statement is no doubt true. The reason why we have now so few merchant ships is because we have a good many industries that pay better than competing for the world's portage; but free trade might, as Mr. Lowell says, "soon" bring our workmen to a condition where they would be glad to hire out as seamen for \$10 a month and "grog." But does that make it desirable?

REV. DR. TALMAGE maintains his hold upon the confidence and affection of his great Brooklyn congregation. At the annual sale of Tabernacle pews, last week, the sum of \$22,067 was realized, an increase over the previous year. The very best of feeling prevails throughout the church, its situation in this respect differing greatly from another big Brooklyn church. In a brief address on the occasion of the pew-selling, Dr. Talmage thus described the condition of affairs in his parish: "We have no grudges to settle, no explanations to make, and no promises to pledge. All the strings of our hearts are in tune. If there be any of us sore or cross, or queer, we don't know it. For nearly sixteen years your pastor has gone in and out. We have laughed together, cried together, sang together, worked together, and prayed together, and we will go on in the same way, I hope, until some fine afternoon, when we will all go to that land where there is no crying."

THE Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts have entered a protest, in the House of Representatives at Washington, against the Government's threatened purchase of two bad paintings at preposterous prices. It is not, however, the cost of such pictures which matters so much. It is the fact, to which the Pennsylvania Academy calls special attention, that the Government's practice of saddling inferior pictures upon the national halls and galleries of the country degrades American art and the worth of American artists, not only in the eyes of their compatriots, but also in the opinion of every cultivated foreign visitor. It would be hard to name, in all the national and State lumber-rooms of the land, a dozen pictures or statues of high artistic merit or representative value, such as beautify the public buildings of the European capitals; but we have enough trash to fill fifty mounds of Zoan. Now is the time for our connoisseurs and art organizations to follow a good example, and speak out.

It is annoying that, while the House of Representatives does not hesitate to waste millions of the public money in the furtherance of river and harbor and public building jobbery, it persistently refuses to appropriate the sums actually required for the care of interests of vital importance. Take, for instance, the Indian appropriation: Every year it is cut down greatly below the Government estimate, and in every case to the serious injury of the public interests. This year the sum asked for was \$7,328,049; but the House Committee has reduced the estimate to \$5,664,135, the reduction covering both the subsistence and education of the Indians. When it is remembered that several hundred of the Indians in Montana have died of starvation because of the failure of the Government to supply them with food, and that hundreds of others are still suffering because of the parsimony and meanness of Congress, it would certainly seem that popular opinion should be so far awakened as to compel the adoption of a more humane policy on the part of Congress. The least our legislators can do to right past wrongs is to grant now the full amount demanded, both for the education and the subsistence of the Indians whose guardianship we have assumed.

This journal has frequently urged the favorable co-operation of the State Legislature in the purchase of what is popularly spoken of as the scenery of Niagara Falls, or as much of it as lies within the boundary of the United States. The lands which it is proposed to purchase will cost, according to the final figures of the Commission appointed for the purpose, \$1,433,429.50. It is scarcely necessary to again rehearse the many potent reasons in favor of the purchase of this property to save the public for all coming time from annoyances which increase as the years go by; but to the reasons already given may be added another which will appeal more eloquently to some of our legislators than all the sentimental pleas in the world. There would never come a time when the State could not find a ready purchaser for the property for its present purchase price, and, if the claims of the individual holders are at all correct—that the present appraisal is far below the actual value—then, as a speculation simply, the State will do well to purchase at the figures mentioned.

RECENT careful investigation shows that the duration of human life in Connecticut is greater than it was a generation ago. In a population of 700,000, twenty-three centenarians were unearthed in 1884; but, without premeditated punning on so serious a subject, it must be admitted that three of this number were committed to earth during the year mentioned. Of those over ninety years old, 651 were found; nine were ninety-nine, thirteen were ninety-eight, and eleven were ninety-seven. A generation ago only one person in 500 lived to become an octogenarian; now one per cent. of the entire population reaches the ripe old age of eighty; while the average age of 6,223 persons is eighty-three years. Of these, more than two-thirds are women, and only eight of the twenty-three centenarians are men. A majority of the centenarians, also, are married, although two spinsters and two bachelors have entered on their second hundred years. From all of which figures it would certainly appear that the somewhat mythical fountain of perpetual youth has a very practical and efficient rival in the wooden nutmeg.

THOSE who thoroughly enter into the spirit of Shelley's exquisitely beautiful poem, "The Sensitive Plant," and Tennyson's scarcely less beautiful lines beginning, "Come into the garden, Maud," would be almost prepared to acquiesce in the novel and startling statement recently made by an English scientist, that certain flowers and plants possess a species of dim consciousness. In this age of wonderful discoveries, thinking people will hesitate before condemning a theory, without investigation, simply on account of its improbability and opposition to all their pre-conceived notions. Where conscious life begins is by no means easy to determine. Many of the lowest forms of animal life are supposed to be merely automatic, unconscious existences; but this is only conjecture. There is nothing opposed to the facts of science in the supposition that the ascidian, giving no other evidence of life than by opening and closing his two orifices, is possessed of an idea of existence; as may be also other lowly organized forms of marine life, limited in their environment to a monotonous rock-bound life. Some flowers and plants display as much evidence of feeling as the lowest forms of animal life, and as great a sensitiveness to touch and power of motion as many of the mollusca. However, as this strange speculation relative to the consciousness of plants will probably remain an hypothesis impossible to prove, and all the facts adduced in its support will be merely of a negative character, it is not likely that any of our generalizations will be seriously disturbed.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

A RIGHT whale, seventy feet long and nine feet broad, was captured last week off the Long Island coast. The bone is valued at \$2,500.

THE President has nominated Carroll D. Wright to be Commissioner of Labor. He is now Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor and Industry in Massachusetts.

AMONG the elections of United States Senators last week were the following: Mr. Evarts was elected in New York; Jonathan Chase, in Rhode Island; Mr. Voorhees, in Indiana; Mr. Cameron, in Pennsylvania; Mr. Platt, in Connecticut; Mr. Vest, in Missouri; Mr. Teller, in Colorado; Mr. Vance, in North Carolina; Mr. Call, in Florida; Leland Stanford, in California; and John C. Spooner, in Wisconsin.

##### FOREIGN.

MR. PARNELL, who has been lecturing in Cork, promised, in answer to an address presented to him by a deputation of landlords, that he would use his efforts to get the Poor Laws of Ireland assimilated to those of England.

REMEX are afloat in Berlin that the Government, at the same time that it presents the new Customs Bill to the Reichstag, intends to levy the new import duties and prevent the enormous imports which would be made during the discussion of the measure.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



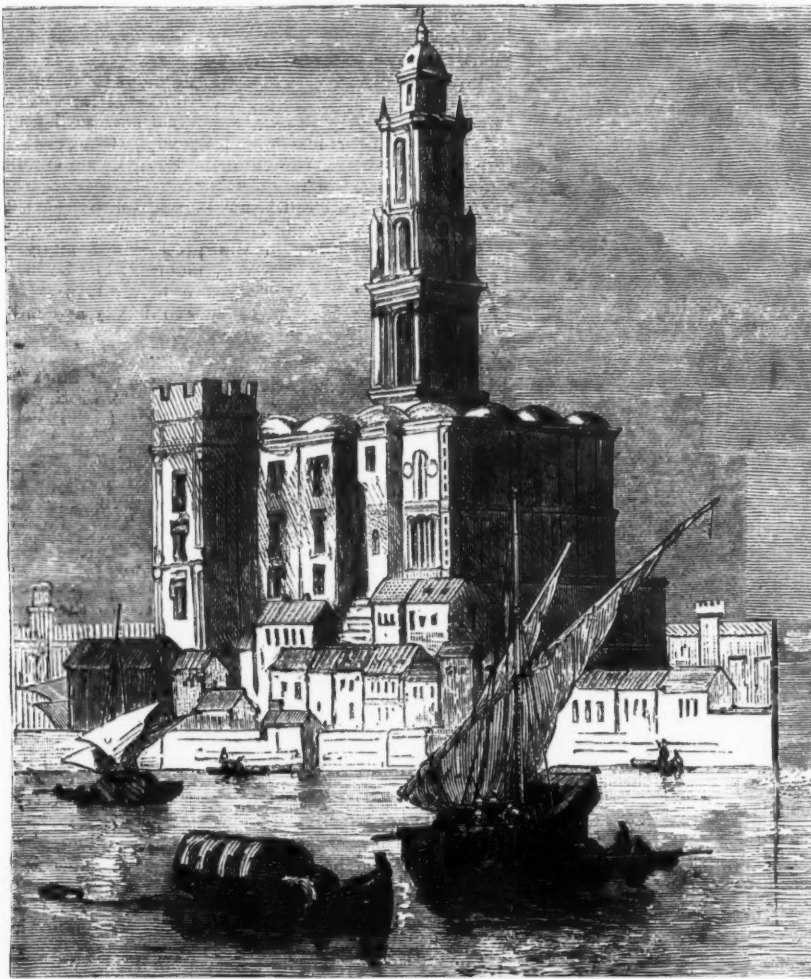
H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE, BETROTHED TO PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.



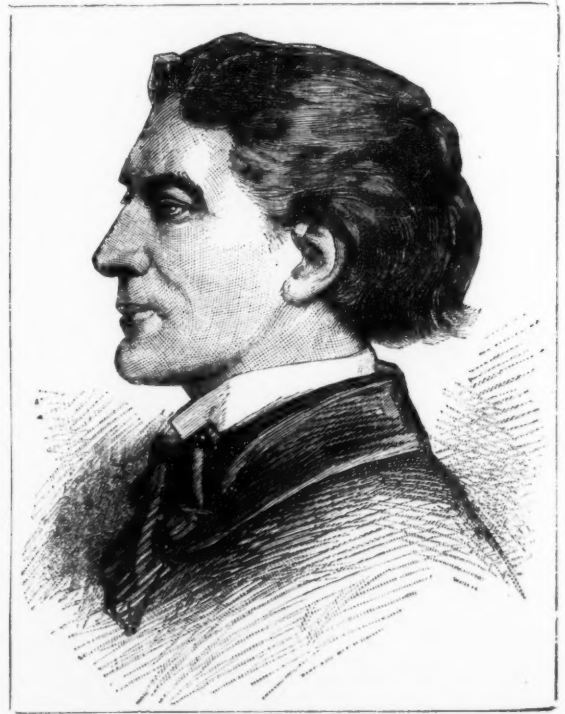
SPAIN.—CATHEDRAL AND PORT OF MALAGA, SCENE OF RECENT EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.



FRANCE.—SCENE FROM SARDOU'S DRAMA OF "THÉODORA," AS PERFORMED IN PARIS—THÉODORA STABBING MARCELLUS.



GERMANY.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE CITY RAILWAY-STATION, IN BERLIN.



FRANCE.—M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, DRAMATIST.



## THE JOURNEY OF THE LIBERTY BELL.

WE trust that the familiar superstition about "unlucky Friday" may be contradicted in the triumphal journey of Philadelphia's cherished relic, the old Liberty Bell, which, on the 23d instant, in the care of an honorary guard of city officials, left its home of over a century for New Orleans. It was placed upon a truck drawn by six heavily caparisoned horses, which, early on Friday morning, amid the shouts of the crowd, the booming of cannon and the merry tones of the new bell, dragged the vehicle out upon Walnut Street and by a short route to the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot. Many houses were decorated with bunting

work upon the platform of the car. The venerable relic was securely bolted to this frame, and thus left in full view. At the top of the frame was the inscription, "1776, Proclaim Liberty"; while on each side of the flat-car were two clasped hands, with the names of the two cities, Philadelphia and New Orleans, on either side.

The journey to New Orleans was verily a triumphal progress. At all the cities and towns along the route crowds of people, sometimes with bands of music, gathered at the stations to pay their respects to the bell; while the Mayor of New Orleans, accompanied by a committee, went as far as Mobile by special train to meet it. It was re-

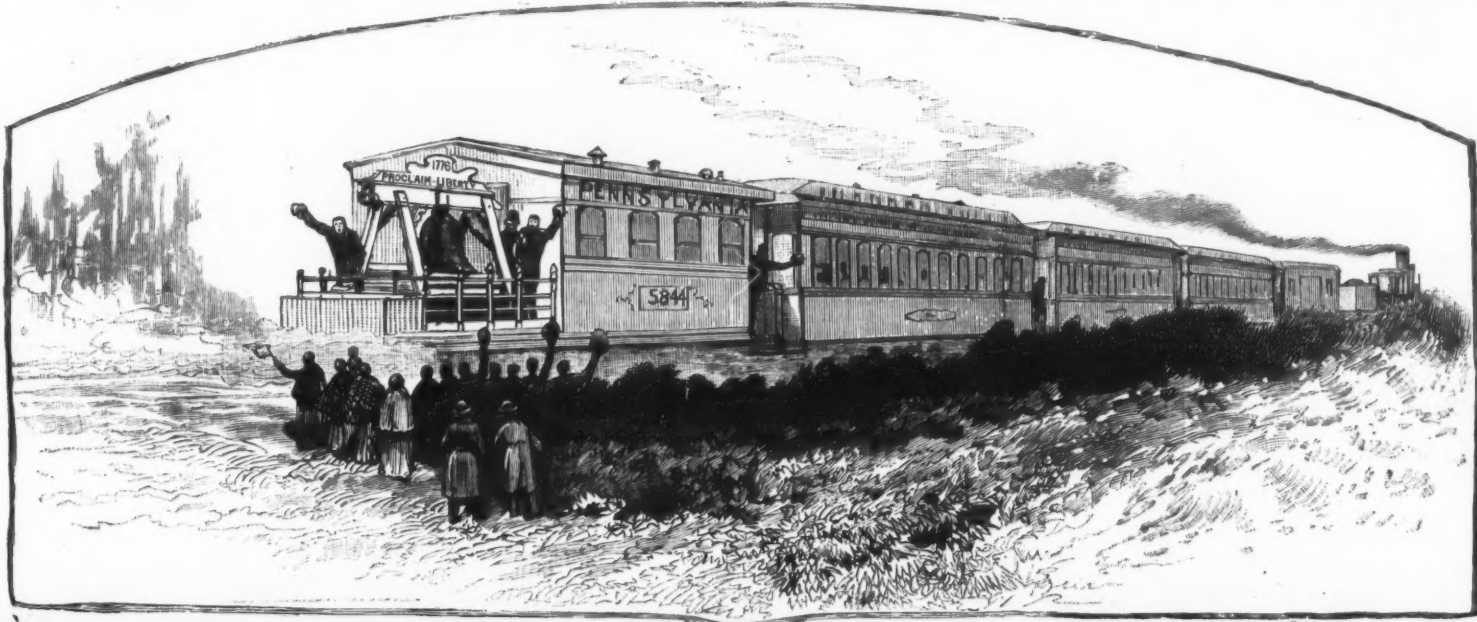
to the House of Lords. Westminster Hall is a magnificent apartment, 290 feet long, 110 feet high, and 68 wide, occupying the site of the old hall of the royal palace, where some of the early parliaments were held, and which abounded in historical associations and trophies. A small staircase leads from the eastern corner of this hall into the restored crypt of St. Stephens, which is the only relic saved from the fire which destroyed the old royal palace in 1834. It was in this crypt, as we judge from the dispatches, that the explosive material was placed. The amount of damage done to the edifice cannot as yet be ascertained.

Simultaneously with this explosion, a terrific

don are two of the most famous buildings in all England, and it is gratifying to know that, notwithstanding the assaults which they have suffered, they remain, to all outward appearance, unchanged.

## TOTAL NUMBER OF AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES.

"The most reliable official figures that can be found," says the *American Mechanic*, "show that there are 29,227 locomotives of all kinds belonging to the railroads of North America. Reckoning the life of a locomotive at twenty-five years, it ought



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE REMOVAL OF THE LIBERTY BELL FROM THE STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, EN ROUTE TO THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

and flags in honor of the occasion. There were two bands of music in the procession. Indeed, the event was magnified into one of unusual importance and solemnity.

At the depot the bell was transferred to the special car constructed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to bear it and its guard of honor to the Exposition. This car was 35 feet long and 9½ feet wide, one-half of the platform of which was taken up by the inclosed and comfortably furnished quarters for the special police officers. The bell platform was protected by a brass railing, with posts, decorated with gilded bells. A large frame, upon which the bell was secured, was the only

received at the Crescent City with popular rejoicings and military and civic honors. The ceremonial programme at the Exposition included a national salute, and a reception address by T. J. Semmes.

## THE SCENES OF THE LATE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON.

AT nine minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon, on Saturday last, the 24th instant, a fearful explosion occurred in the crypt of Westminster Hall, which forms the vestibule to the Houses of Parliament, and is in close proximity

detonation shook the walls of the historic Tower of London. Why this venerable old relic, to which every visitor to London pays his respects, should have been attacked, is a mystery. The explosion there created a panic, and the scene at first was one of chaotic terror; guards, "beefeaters" and visitors tumbling over each other in an effort to escape. As soon as the cause of the shock was realized the gates were closed, and the visitors permitted to pass the sentries one by one, after having been thoroughly searched.

We give views of both the scenes of these latest incomprehensible outrages of the dynamiters. The Houses of Parliament and the Tower of Lon-

don require the construction of 1,169 locomotives annually to maintain the stock of engines. A great many locomotives kept on the motive-power list are doubtless out of service; but, making free allowance for this, the figures indicate that in the last year the renewals of locomotives have been far below the necessary requirements. Many of the engines built do not represent maintenance of stock, but were called for by new roads and extensions. Renewals must be made some time to fill the blanks left by wear and tear, and those who delay longest in getting their motive-power put in order will pay heaviest for the work when it can be delayed no longer."



## SEA PICTURES.

**I.**  
 'Tis a dreary stretch of a landless bay,  
 And nearer the gray rocks, piled up high,  
 With ragged crests where the sea-birds cry:  
 And there at the base, in the salt reeds, I  
 Listen the waves wild way.  
 Oh, the earth hath song, and the sea hath song,  
 And the last is a bitter strain,  
 As souls were alive, a struggling throng  
 In a crystal prison in pain.

**II.**  
 Pale sky, pale sea, with phantom folk that thread  
 The wan mists on the shore,  
 And at my feet the curdling foam outspread  
 Where restless waters pour:  
 Inland the laugh of children at their play,  
 That seems escape of elfins from the spray.

**III.**  
 The moon binds the sea with a silver chain,  
 And the stars heat its breast with spears of gold,  
 As it chafes in its beautiful prison in vain  
 Strong gates to unfold.  
 It sings a sad song in the hearts of its shells,  
 In wild, ceaseless sobbing of broad ocean swells,  
 In its coral-bound depths and its caves:  
 And its fierce torrent laves  
 With kisses of passion the white breadth of shore,  
 As if it would woo it to sleep evermore  
 Its mad self from its jailer, the moon.

MARIE LE BARON.

## A POOR GIRL'S ROMANCE.

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

**I**T was the merest accident that Albert Miramon lounged idly into Zion Sunday-school that summer morning. By a coincidence, Helen Macy played the organ and sang for the children. Her voice waked the echoes, and went ringing through the trees about Zion Church, thrilling and sweet.

Miramon lifted his lazy blue eyes in surprise at hearing such a voice in that place. But he saw only an arrangement of dark back hair, surmounted by a "cute" little bonnet, a head very gracefully poised upon firmly knit shoulders. But there is a good deal of individuality in a woman's back hair. Albert Miramon got to thinking about it, and making guessing pictures of the face in front of it. He was so deep down in this occupation that he gave a start when the girl struck a long, rolling, joyous chord upon the little organ, and began to sing "The Sweet By-and-by." He could not quite account for it, but her voice seemed to say to him as plain as day:

"Sing, too; you sing, too."

There was a preliminary hem-humming in the throats of the three dozen persons, little and big, in Zion Church, as they prepared to "pitch the tune." But they had no sooner got started than with one accord—even with the words "By faith we shall see it afar" still in their mouths—they craned their necks and made great eyes at the owner of the rich baritone voice that was so unexpectedly helping out with the Sunday-school singing.

The voices, hers and his, sang so marvelously that the rest of the three dozen stopped piping their own lays to listen, with erect ears.

Hers was a mezzo-soprano, powerful and sweet, and it had been exquisitely cultivated. The two voices blended in celestial harmony. They sang only to each other as they rose and fell in the thrilling, joyful refrain:

"In the sweet by-and-by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

It was not proper, perhaps, it certainly was not devotional, but the instant the word "shore" died away on her soft scarlet lips, Helen Macy curved her beautiful neck to see who that other singer was. She turned her dark, calm eyes, and met the glance of a slender, fashionable, half dudu-looking young man.

He wore a tiger's-eye scarf-pin, and a gray necktie with peacock-blue polka-dots in it. A flush mounted to her cheek, and she dropped her eyes. She wondered if he was one of those horrid commercial travelers. But on the way home from Sunday-school, she remarked to Louie Lovella Wilson:

"There was a young man at the church to-day who sings nearly as well as your brother Ike."

What a sly, designing young woman she was! "He don't belong around here," said Louie Lovella. "He's a city feller, stayin' at old man Bushrod's."

Meanwhile, Miramon says to young Clarence Andrew Jackson Bushrod:

"Aw—by-the-way, one of your Zion girls sings very well, the one that played the organ."

"Her?" replied Clarence Andrew Jackson. "That ain't no Zion gal. That's a town gal, Helen Macy. She's a boardin' over to Wilson's."

Next day.

Helen Macy sits beside the spring underneath the willows in Wilson's meadow. Young man, graceful and very swell, but trying to look unconscious, approaches. He lifts his hat with superlative grace; he has a handsome head, the wretch, and he likes to show it off. He says:

"Pardon—Miss Macy, I think?—but did you happen to see a copy of 'Hand and Ring' lying anywhere about under the trees here?"

Helen looked up.

"Did you think you lost it here?"

"I think it was," said he, forgetful of grammar, rhetoric and sequence.

Helen smiled.

"Yes?" she said. "But you must be mistaken."

Now, he had not lost any book at all.

"Well, perhaps, I am," he replied. "And yet I don't think I am. You sang at Zion Sunday-school yesterday morning, didn't you, Miss Macy?"

"Yes," said Helen. "You did yourself, didn't you?"

"I tried," he answered, with true hypocritical

modesty. "But I can't begin to sing as well as Ike Wilson."

Helen laughed. Then she mused: Who cared whether she talked to a strange young man or not? Not a soul, she thought, with some bitterness. She was quite able to take care of herself, and proud of it. But, somehow, in that flash of introspection, the girl's lonely independence did not look to her so admirable and beautiful a thing as it did sometimes. Well, it was no matter. He seemed a gentleman. He might prove a pleasant acquaintance in this stupid country spot.

They talked lightly of this, that and the other. They became better acquainted in half an hour than many persons would have been in a month. At length Helen rose.

"Miss Macy," said the young man, simply, "my name is Albert Miramon. I am not much credit to my family, perhaps, but I never did anything to disgrace it, I think. They used to call my father Governor Miramon."

"And the Miramon House, on the Avenue—was that named for you?" asked Helen.

"Not for me, but for my father. I'm not old enough to have a house named for me."

Helen was looking meditatively at the toe of her pretty little beaded bronze slipper. How pretty she was, how well she talked, and how exactly she looked the thorough lady, from head to foot!

"You have told me who you were, but you don't know anything about me," she said.

He smiled at the absurdity of it.

"I don't need to know. I take you for granted."

"Perhaps you'd better not," she said.

For answer, he smiled again and looked into her eyes in a way that men have. It is a silencing way, and it silenced Helen Macy. Also, for the second time, his glance brought a flush to her transparent rose-cheek.

Helen Macy prided herself on being a matter-of-fact young woman. It was her wont to boast that she could get to sleep any time within five minutes after her head touched its pillow. But next morning the sun himself shot a ray into her wide-open, blinking eyes, and smiled.

As for Albert Miramon, that night he threw off his coat and his highly fashionable shoes, too fashionable for comfortable thinking, alas! Then he tilted his chair back, balanced his feet upon the window sill, and sat so, half the night, smoking. The thoughts that revolved and twined with the smoke, and with it scattered into air, were like this: How would it seem, a bijou home, with a lady in it who had transparent pink cheeks and liquid, dark eyes? A—wife like that, in short. He felt the blood rise warm about his ears as he thought that word "wife." To sing in that exquisite voice, to pet him as all the masculine gender like to be petted, to cuddle down beside him and talk books—to talk everything, in fact. If he ever had a wife, he should not want a fool. Helen Macy seemed to know about everything he was most interested in. She was a woman of superior intelligence.

How would the touch of her hand upon a fellow's forehead feel? He had noticed the beauty of her hand. It was not the soft, pudgy, pudding kind, the kind that sticks to one's fingers, but white, slender and firm-looking.

"Shows good blood," said my gentleman to himself.

They sang together again at the Zion Sunday-school, and this time certainly the two voices sang only to each other. Music draws young hearts together; old ones, too, sometimes, it is to be feared.

There were other meetings at Wilson's Spring. There were walks and calls at Wilson's farmhouse, and rides. If Miramon wondered at first that his lady had no chaperone, not even a maid with her, he soon forgot all about it in the new, sweet fascination which drew him to her presence day by day.

"But she's very offish," he was obliged to confess to himself.

One evening, as they sat in Wilson's porch, he said to her:

"I can't make you out. You show me sometimes a deep-hearted tenderness to all living creatures. Yet again you talk like a disappointed old politician of sixty, who hated the human race."

"I do, sometimes," she said, very gravely.

"Oh, no, you don't. Only, if I didn't know you so well, I should fancy that you had had a cruel and bitter experience with the world, such experience as a girl could not have."

"Yes," she repeated, "if you didn't know me so well."

She was sarcastic and half-tender to him by turns. But he could not have told whether she cared for him—no, not if his life had depended on it.

In a moment when she seemed gentlest, he leaned towards her and said, in a low voice:

"I'd like to tell you something, if I knew how you would take it."

"Don't risk it," she answered, gayly.

"But I shall tell you soon. It's about going away. To-morrow, perhaps."

"To-morrow I go away myself," said Helen.

"By the first train—five o'clock in the morning."

"Going?" He turned towards the window,

where the light was streaming through into the porch, that it might shine full upon his face. The rascal had an expressive countenance. It told that he was disturbed, startled—perhaps a little grieved. "Look at me," he said. "Now tell me if you mean that."

She raised her eyes, and dropped them. It was the sweetest moment of her life, and then the bitterest.

"Yes," she answered; "it is time."

"Has it occurred to you, Miss Macy, that you have never told me where you lived in New York?"

I want to see you again very much—more than you can think. May I call?"

She was silent. She looked down and beat a pit-a-pat with the toe of the beaded bronze slipper. Her heart beat a pit-a-pat to match.

What should she answer?

He reached out and took her hand.

"Dear Miss Macy," he said, in a soft, unsteady voice, "it means much to me. May I come?"

An unfathomable expression passed over her countenance. Then she looked at him, calm as a stone, and answered:

"Yes, Mr. Miramon, you may come if you wish. I live at the Miramon House, which was named for your father."

"Why," he began, in surprise, "how does it happen—"

"I leave very early," she interrupted, "and I have oceans to do to-night. Good-night. Believe me, I regret it must be good-by!"

So she left him. He did not see her again. His mother summoned him suddenly to join her at Mount Desert, and kept him hanging about her for weeks. It was late in September when he came home. He had written Helen a note, but received no reply. He had been passing through a strange phase of feeling in the two months he was away from her. No woman had so taken hold of him before. He dreamed of her. Her face rose before him in the sea-foam, half-tender, half-sarcastic, as of old.

He scarcely knew himself what was uppermost in his mind, when he called, the second morning after reaching home, at the Miramon.

A bebuttoned person met him in the gorgeously upholstered corridor.

"I wish to see Miss Macy," said he, with great dignity.

"Who?"

"Miss Macy—Miss Helen Macy."

The buttoned person cast an odd glance at the fashionable young man in his glove-fitting Prince Albert and bronze yellow kids. Then he said:

"This way, sir."

Albert followed him through a winding hallway to a dingy back staircase.

"Hi!" said a slatternly girl, with little tight wads of newspaper twirled all about her forehead. "Ye'll not be goin' up them stairs. Them's the help's stairs."

Buttons deigned no reply to this observation. To Miramon he said:

"Here's the help's sitting-room, sir."

He led the way into a musty room with an old hair-cloth sofa in it. Then he bowed and went out, closing the door.

Presently it was opened, and a tall, slender woman in a dark-crimson print dress stood before him. One is not sure, indeed, but she wore a white apron, and held her hands in the two little pockets.

"Miss Macy?" said Miramon.

He rose and offered his hand, but she did not take it. Her face was pale, her gray eye was flashing black.

"The fellow brought me in here," he said.

"Quite right," she answered. "It was the only place. I told you I lived at the Miramon. So I do. I am the pastry cook!"

"This is a queer joke of yours," he said. He was embarrassed.

"Oh, it is, is it? Shall I show you my cook's caps and molding-board?"

"I don't believe it, by heaven! You speak French like a native, and you sing like an angel."

"Exactly," she answered, in a cold, even tone; "that is my amusement, learning French and music."

He smiled pitifully. "Don't jest with me, Helen. I am here to tell you I loved you, and you meet me with this rubbish. You are the most perfect lady I know. Your good blood, even your pretty dresses—"

"Pretty dresses? Yes, they ought to be pretty! I earned them. Pastry cooks get good wages."

He paced up and down the room. He was bewildered, he was wrathful.

"Why do you stalk back and forth in that stupid way?" she said. "It's the truth I tell you."

You asked to come and see me at my home. I told you you might. I wanted to see how you would bear it. You thought I was a lady. I was not to blame for it, was I? No; I am a lady, and as good as those women whose proudest boast is that they do not know how to do anything useful. I am as proud as they are, too. Mr. Miramon, I don't ask you to continue my acquaintance. I don't ask anything. Time is passing, I have the honor to bid you good-by."

He stopped in front of her. "What if I won't go?" he said.

Helen rested her hand upon the haircloth sofa. It was the only friend she had.

"I wish you would go," she said, in a voice that was weak and full of pain. "There is nothing more to know. It is just as I tell you, I have not even good blood, as you call it. My parents were Irish emigrants. I have worked for my bread since I was fourteen." (Voice firmer.) "I can cook. I do it well, thank fortune, and earn my living, and something more. The tricks of manner, the education, the music, the trivial accomplishments that pleased you, I have picked up in my leisure time. I am glad they pleased you. But there is not a human creature whom I can have for a familiar friend. I could not mingle with—with the only people who are about me the year around. I was so lonely at first, great heaven! Then I turned to my music. It is to me what a home and family and friends would have been if I had had them. I play and sing in my little room, hour after hour, alone in the night. The noise does not disturb anybody in our servants' wing. I was not unhappy, before. Out in the world everybody would be my enemy. You yourself, if you had not found me so alone here in the country, if you had found me protected by friends, as other girls are—you would not have

dared to approach me as you did, with no introduction, no credentials."

"Yes, I would," he said. "I can answer that, at least. After seeing you in the little church that Sunday, and hearing you sing, I would have gone any length to see you again."

The wily speech pleased her. She smiled—a faint, sweet smile.

"It was a pleasant acquaintance at any rate," she said. "I shall never forget it. I was taking my vacation in the country."

Her face darkened again. There were pain and love and longing in it, and Miramon saw it, though she looked so persistently at the geometric patterns in the ugly carpet.

"Nothing is right," continued Helen, "nothing that is."

She held out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Miramon. I need not tell you not to come back again. You would not, in any case. Perhaps you will not mind taking a pastry cook's hand for once."

Still he did not move. Helen wavered a moment, then sank upon the grim old sofa, and buried her face in her hands. She murmured:

"Oh, my God! Go away! Don't you see you are killing me?"

It was not exactly an invitation to go away that a young man would have been likely to accept. But he did not go near the girl. Do not think the less of him for that, at least, if you can help it. He was a Miramon. There had been snobs in the race, but no heroes since the days when Daniel Miramon, blacksmith, had attacked a raving mad dog with a red-hot iron, and killed him and saved a great nobleman's children from horrible death, and got a grant of land for it on the Hudson. But there were drops of strong blood in his descendants still.

Albert Miramon took a turn through the forlorn room. He twirled his long mustache, and there was a look of frightful perplexity in his face. Then it passed away, and he stooped before Helen. He raised her in his arms, he drew her hands away from her face, he kissed her lips and eyes. And he said, very soberly and slowly:

"Helen, I will never go away from you. I love you, and I know now that you love me. So whose business is it?"

He had true blood, true pride in him, after all. There are no classes in America.

The rest? Well, there were wedding cards, engraved with a double "M" monogram, and the last of all, perhaps the best of all, is, if you please, that this is no fiction, but a really true story.

## MISS MACKAY'S BETROTHAL.

**T**HE betrothal of Miss Eva Mackay, the daughter of the California "Bonanza King," to Prince Colonna, of the famous old Roman family of that name, was announced early in December last. There were some contradictions of the news at the time; but a Paris dispatch of the 18th instant definitely states that the marriage will be solemnized on the 12th of February next. In anticipation of the event, we publish this week an interesting portrait of the charming young heiress and bride-elect, from a photograph taken during her last visit to the United States.

Miss Mackay is about twenty-two years old and petite, her features being small and perfect. She has long, soft auburn hair, with a slight natural wave; her eyes are dark and bright, with long eye-lashes, and her complexion pale olive and very clear. She is remarkably vivacious and interesting. She has lived in Paris since 1874, with the exception of brief visits to this country. Her object abroad has been the thorough training of her mind and the study of the arts, and she may now be said to have completed her education in every particular. She is a thorough linguist, speaking five different languages, besides which she is a most accomplished musician, with a sweet voice.

Prince Ferdinand Colonna, of Galatro, belongs to the Neapolitan branch of the illustrious Colonna family, the Colonna-Stigliano. Don Ferdinand is twenty-seven years old. He is the son of Don Andre Colonna, who died twelve years ago, and nephew of Prince Marc-Antoine, chief of the Neapolitan branch. The other branches of the family are the Colonna-Palano, Colonna-Sciara, Barberini-Colonna, all of Rome, and Colonna-Romano, of Palermo. The Colonnas and the Orsinis were the two most powerful families of Rome during the Middle Ages, as they are among the most ancient. They assert that one of their ancestors brought from Jerusalem the pillar to which Jesus Christ was bound when he was scourged. The family counts among its members Pope Martin V., many powers of the Church, and the poetess, Victoria Colonna, the friend of Michael Angelo, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century and whose verses descriptive of a romantic life are widely read at the present time. The Prince is young, of many personal accomplishments. He is a thorough master of the English language and highly educated in many branches of literature and art. He is the owner of the yacht *Sappho*, the brilliant achievements of which in American waters not long ago, when Mr. Douglass owned her, are still fresh in the minds of American yachtsmen. American tourists who have visited Rome will readily recall the old Colonna Palace, which is occupied by the French Embassy.

## GARMOYLE-FORTESCUE.

**T**HE visit of the juvenile Lord Garmoyle, son of Earl Cairns, to New York, recalls the celebrated and somewhat amusing breach of promise case in which he figured last November, and lends additional interest to the fair plaintiff's portrait, which we publish this week. She is a Miss Finney, better known to the public by her stage-name of Fortescue. She was an actress, of modest merit, at the Savoy Theatre in London, supporting her mother and sister upon a salary of six guineas a week, when Lord Garmoyle made her acquaintance, late in the year 1882. The acquaintance ripened rapidly into mutual regard and intimacy, and in July, 1883, Lord Garmoyle made a proposal of marriage, which Miss Fortescue accepted. A little after this Lord Garmoyle saw his father, who, while saying that he would not himself have made such a choice, gave his consent to the union. On July 20th, 1883, Lord Garmoyle wrote a letter to Miss Fortescue in which he stated that Earl Cairns thought he was doing a sensible thing to get married. Not long after this, with



Lord Garmoye's consent, a paragraph was published announcing the engagement, and Miss Fortescue became thereupon the recipient of kindly letters from other members of Lord Garmoye's family. In deference to their strong views in regard to theatrical life, Miss Fortescue abandoned the stage, and her sister, who was looking forward to a theatrical career, desisted from her preparations. Miss Fortescue was after this invited to Earl Cairns's house, where she received an affectionate greeting from both Lord and Lady Cairns. Suddenly, and without the slightest previous hint that such an idea was entertained, Lord Garmoye, January 21st, 1884, wrote a letter to Miss Fortescue and broke off the engagement. He still professed the deepest love and admiration for her, but said his friends would not accept her on account of her profession.

Upon these grounds Miss Fortescue brought suit for damages. Sir Henry James, the Attorney-general, admitted the circumstances as they had been presented by the plaintiff's counsel, Sir Charles Russell, but he justified the action of Lord Garmoye. The defendant, he said, was now willing, as he always had been, to grant compensation to the young lady for the broken contract. He would consent without objection to a verdict of £10,000. At the same time, he added, Lord Garmoye wished to state that not the slightest imputation rested on Miss Fortescue's character. The matter was finally settled by the young lady's acceptance of the £50,000. Two-thirds of this sum she has settled upon her mother, resuming her stage career with renewed success and profit. Mr. Gilbert, the dramatist, has interested himself in her professional advance, which he has materially assisted.

An amusing development of the late trial, over which all London is laughing, was that one of the young actress's letters which had been read in Court and created a very favorable impression, had been copied from a "Complete Letter-writer"—caption: "From a Young Lady to a Gentleman Friend upon the receipt of a Present." It is to Miss Fortescue's honor, however, that no worse accusation than this has ever been breathed against her name, and that she has at all times conducted herself in a manner becoming a modest and high-minded English gentlewoman.

Lord Garmoye is a rather tall, effeminate-looking youth of about twenty-six. He has a pink-and-white complexion, a receding chin and a small mustache. As a heart-crusher, it is asserted that he does not compare with some of our own gilded youths who affect that line of business.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE APPROACHING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The Princess Beatrice of England, the youngest of the Queen's daughters, and the only remaining spinster among them, is betrothed to Prince Henry of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, an officer in the British Navy, who is married to Queen Victoria's granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse. The Queen gave a conditional sanction to the betrothal, the condition being that the Prince and Princess reside in England after their marriage, in close proximity to her Majesty; who, although the mother of a large family, sees but little of her daughters, because they are married and scattered abroad. The bride-elect was born on the 14th of April, 1857. For some years past she has been the close companion of her widowed mother at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral. She has, nevertheless, occasionally appeared in public to take part in works of charity and benevolence; and her taste and talents as an amateur artist, more especially in painting floral designs, have been shown in the beautiful Birthday Album, of which a large edition was sold in the United States, and in other illustrated publications. Prince Henry was born on the 5th of October, 1858, and is thus a year and a half younger than the Princess Beatrice. The Princess of Battenberg take their title from a town of that name, containing about a thousand population, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. Prince Henry is a favorite member of Berlin Court society, and has been for the last two years Lieutenant in the Guards Corps, the crack Prussian regiment, to which his elder brother, Alexander, the recently appointed Prince of Bulgaria, is still attached as major-general. The approaching marriage will be, as John Brown would have said, "a fine landing" for the young Prince of Battenberg.

##### PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

Prince Albert Victor Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, whose coming of age has just been celebrated with great rejoicings, is said to possess many attractive traits, being modest, frank and unaffected, and, by virtue of these qualities, deservedly popular with the British public. Prince Albert was born, January 8th, 1864. He was baptized Victor, after the Queen; his other names are those of his paternal and maternal grandfathers (the Prince Consort and the King of Denmark) and of his great-grandfather, Edward, Duke of Kent. Two of his godfathers were the King of Denmark, and Leopold, the late King of the Belgians. Up till 1871 he was educated at home; in 1877 he entered the navy as a cadet, and in July, 1879, visited the West Indies in the *Bacchante*. In the following year he went with the flying squadron to Vigo, Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, afterwards going to Fiji, Japan and China, Singapore, Colombo and Suez. The *Bacchante* then passed into the Mediterranean, and Prince Albert Victor visited the Holy Land and Athens, and finally returned to England in the Summer of 1882. He was confirmed at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, by the late Archbishop Taft. In the Autumn of the same year, Prince Albert Victor proceeded to Lausanne in order to perfect his French studies, and there he resided till the following May. In October, 1883, he became an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has attended several courses of lectures at that University, and won golden opinions of every one there who has been brought into personal relations with him. During the long vacation he continued his studies at the University of Heidelberg, and returned to Cambridge last October. He will probably complete his two years' residence at Cambridge in June, and thus devote the same period to the university training as the Prince of Wales did.

##### THE EARTHQUAKES IN SPAIN.

We give a picture of the Port of the City of Malaga, in Spain, which on the night of Christmas Day was visited by three alarming earthquake shocks. The city has a population of 100,000 inhabitants, thousands of whom fled from their

houses, and ran into the streets, endeavoring to find shelter and safety for the night. All the cabs, omnibuses, private carriages, railway carriages, vans and covered carts were put into requisition, and whole families passed the night in them; while other people encamped on the Alameda, the public squares, the bed of the Guadalmedina River, fortunately dry at this season, and other open spaces. While the loss of life was not great, the number of persons injured was large, and the damage to houses, churches and other buildings amounted to \$500,000. King Alfonso, who visited Malaga week before last, found the distress and suffering very general. Over one thousand wooden sheds and tents have been put up in the city for the accommodation of the sufferers. It is said that the Bishop of Malaga proposes to raffle three valuable paintings, works of Morales, Españoleto and Delarto, in order to raise money to relieve sufferers.

##### "THEODORA," SARDOU'S NEW DRAMA.

M. Victorien Sardou's new historical drama, entitled "Theodora," the action of which is dominated by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the imperial robes and jewels of the Byzantine Caesars, is already in the second month of its brilliant run at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, in Paris. Its dazzling pageantry and historical tableaux, no less than its dramatic strength, have given a sensation even to Paris, and attached one more triumph to the name of the greatest living French writer for the stage. We reproduce a picture of the thrilling scene which is the climax of the third act of the piece. It is where the Empress Theodora, the actress of the hippodrome, is confronted with the centurion Marcellus, who has been seized in the palace of the Emperor Justinian while engaged in a conspiracy against the latter's life. Marcellus holds a secret which, if forced from him by torture, according to the intention of the Emperor, will criminate Theodora's lover, Andreas. Theodora describes to the unfortunate man the punishment which the executioner will presently inflict upon him, and the flesh of the victim quivers at the thought of the torture. Marcellus feels that the secret will escape his lips involuntarily, and implores the Empress to spare him this cowardice and suffering by killing him on the spot. Theodora, hardened in guilt, draws a jeweled dagger from her hair, and with one quick blow stabs him to the heart. "Insulted by this man," she tells Justinian, "I have killed him!" The music incidental to the drama is by Massenet, and the cast of characters includes, besides Mme. Bernhardt as Theodora, M. Garnier as Justinian and M. Marais as Andreas.

##### SCENE IN A BERLIN RAILWAY DEPOT.

There is a rivalry between Berlin and Vienna in regard to gorgeous and comfortable depots. In the former city, however, the travelers in summer-time are allowed upon the platform, while in the latter they are cooped up in magnificent halls till the blowing of a horn announces "Open Sesame." The Berliners are as chatty as the French, and at the depot everybody speaks to everybody else. There is no restraint and an atmosphere of general good humor is mingled with that of execrable tobacco. Berlin empties itself on Sunday "Unter den Linden," which from "roay morn to dewy eve" is full of gossiping, newspaper-reading citizens. Our illustration shows the depot, first-class, save on a Sunday afternoon. The swells are off to Charlottenburg, or to some shady retreats along the line where they are either expected by friends or by the proprietors of beer-gardens, the celebrated Pilsner beer being in perpetual demand. The platform is thronged with daintily dressed children en route to a day's romping in the country. Ladies attired in the highest condition of fashion, for Paris is supreme in Berlin, chat merrily to spectacled gentlemen wearing melon-shaped hats. Nurses in snowiest caps and aprons cast admiring glances at railway guards, all ex-soldiers, the showy uniforms fitting their well-drilled forms to perfection. "Achs!" ring out on all sides, and ere the bell jingles for starting, half the people on the platform will have spoken with the remaining half.

##### AN ARAB HOUSEHOLD.

He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, not two of them dressed alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets and nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow, or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted around their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers of all the colors of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrapbook, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large green goblets full of sweet sirup; and we had to drink a little of this as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was Arab custom to drink not less than three."

##### A NEW LINCOLN-STANTON STORY.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes: "I think I have a new Lincoln-Stanton story. At least, the Congressman who told it spoke as though he had just discovered the document which is its basis. It was an application for a chaplaincy in the army, with a series of endorsements by Lincoln and Stanton on its back, which ran over the available space on the

application and down on a slip of paper which had been added to receive them. These were the endorsements, each being dated: "Dear Stanton—Appoint this man a chaplain in the army. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln—He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton." Three or four months elapse, evidently, and then we have: "Dear Stanton—He is now. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln—But there is no vacancy. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton—Appoint him a chaplain-at-large. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln—There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton—Appoint him anyhow. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln—I will not. E. M. Stanton." And he didn't. But apparently he told the applicant that he could leave his application on file, for there it is among the dry old documents."

##### FACTS OF INTEREST.

DR. KLEZKO, of Vienna, has suggested the use of petroleum or paraffine as a powerful preventive of cholera.

THERE has been a falling off of thirty per cent. in the use of postal-cards during the last six months, showing that the cards have been largely displaced by the two-cent stamp.

A CHESTNUT-TREE at the foot of Mount Etna is thought to be the oldest tree in Europe. It is 92 feet in height and 212 feet in circumference. The trunk is hollow, and two carriages driving abreast can pass through it.

THE effort to establish a female college at Baltimore under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has so far advanced that \$135,000 of the \$200,000 requisite has already been subscribed for the purpose. The indications are that the remaining \$65,000 will soon be obtained.

THE City of Buffalo is rapidly growing as an important business center. During the last ten months of 1884 the chief Grain Inspector has inspected 5,213 cars and 1,167,390 bushels of grain. The total quantity received by lake during 1884 was 58,011,800 bushels, of which 32,469,710 was wheat and 18,539,340 corn. The railroads now control on the lakes 66 propellers of large size.

PARTIES who have returned to the Pacific Coast from a tour through the Superstition Mountains, in Arizona Territory, report the discovery of extensive stone ruins, some of them in almost inaccessible places. The walls look as if they had been built with the elements for centuries. The prehistoric people of whose existence they are the only remaining evidence must have been quite numerous.

THE preparations for the cold weather in the Northwest are a surprise to visitors. Fur coats and caps are the rule for everybody; the houses have duplicate sets of windows, with a few inches of air between; the stoves are of enormous size, often reaching nearly to the ceiling; and such a diversion as sleighing is scarcely known, as nobody thinks of spending time out of doors for fun in Winter.

THE amount paid in the last five years for pensions exceeds \$300,000,000. A Bill is pending in the House, and is likely to pass, increasing the annual amount \$25,000,000. There are also numerous private Bills which, in the aggregate, will increase considerably the gross amount. Under the laws already in force, and those that Congress has manifested an intention to pass, the Treasury will pay out in five years for pensions between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000.

THE Congo River is 2,100 miles long, Stanley says, and discharges a volume of water scarcely equalled by the Mississippi and Nile together. It is navigable for 1,405 miles, but with two breaks made by rapids, one 82 miles, beginning 110 miles from the mouth, and one of 95 miles beginning 88 miles from where the other ended. Along this route thirteen stations have been constructed among peaceful tribes. The banks and people upon them are now well known. The river mingles show wide belts of forests, in the shade of which clusters of villages lie nestled; while close at hand are gardens and fields with a profuse abundance on their surface, and stores of mineral wealth, it is believed, within their bosoms.

##### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 17TH.—In Baltimore, Md., Henry M. Warfield, a well-known citizen, aged 60 years; in Fall River, Mass., ex-Mayor James F. Davenport, aged 53 years; in Baltimore, Md., William M. Connelly, journalist, aged 60 years; in Jamaica, L. I., Supervisor Henry W. Rowland. JANUARY 18TH.—In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Julia A. Roberts, a well-known worker among the poor; in Taunton, Mass., ex-Senator Harrison Tweed; in Easton, Md., Colonel R. C. Hollyday, ex-Secretary of State, aged 74 years; in Newburg, N. Y., Charles Downing, the well-known pomologist, aged 83 years. JANUARY 19TH.—In New York, Colonel Michael Graham, formerly a prominent Tammany politician, aged 52 years; in Lisburn, Ireland, Thomas Barbour, the well-known thread manufacturer, aged 53 years; in Petersburg, Va., Dr. James Dunn, a prominent physician, aged 54 years; in Newport, R. I., Job A. Peckham, an old merchant, aged 78 years; in New York, J. Newton Ewell, of the Stock Exchange, aged 54 years; in London, England, Arthur Egerton, third Earl of Wilton, aged 52 years. JANUARY 20TH.—In Arkansas, "Owney" Geoghegan, the notorious ex-pugilist, etc., aged 45 years; in Cincinnati, O., Flamen Ball, a well-known lawyer, aged 74 years; in New York, William Ludlam, an old New York merchant, aged 77 years. JANUARY 21ST.—In New York, James A. Raynor, an Erie Railroad director, aged 57 years; in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sister Theresa, of St. Mary's Convent, a niece of Hon. James G. Blaine, aged 36 years; in Albany, N. Y., John S. Decker, Treasurer of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of New York; in London, England, Morgan O'Connell, second son of Daniel O'Connell. JANUARY 22ND.—In New York, ex-Mayor Charles Godfrey Gunther, aged 63 years; in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Mary A. Matthews, wife of Stanley Matthews, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, aged 60 years; in Chicago, Ill., William Harvey Wells, Superintendent of Public Schools in that city from 1856 to 1864, aged 73 years; in Salem, Va., Dr. J. J. Moorman, resident physician at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, aged 84 years; in New York, Oliver Henry Wales, a leading wholesale grocer, aged 66 years; at Rouse's Point, N. Y., Captain D. M. White, Special United States Treasury Agent for the Northern District of New York; in New York; Dr. Hans Powell, a veteran army surgeon, aged 43 years. JANUARY 23RD.—In New York, the Rev. Lemuel Covell, a Baptist clergyman, aged 82 years; in Cleveland, O., the Rev. John W. Clark, Rector of St. James's Church in that city.

##### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. MARY WALKER will write a play.

THE Paris papers note that "Frederic de Gebhard" is among recent arrivals.

MR. JOHN C. ENO intends to build a large hotel on the Island of Orleans, a few miles from Quebec.

A "CHARLES READE Memorial Church" is about to be built in England by admirers of the novelist.

MR. BLAINE'S niece, Sister Theresa, died at St. Mary's Catholic Convent, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., last week.

SENATOR SHERMAN is being actively talked of by Ohio politicians as the next Republican candidate for Governor.

IN his annual report General Booth, of the Salvation Army, says the army will need \$150,000 for their next year's work.

SOME alarm was felt in Germany last week on account of the illness of Emperor William; but he is now restored to health.

MRS. LOUISA R. STOWELL, of the University of Michigan, has been made a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

QUEEN VICTORIA gave one of her grandsons a silver punch-bowl the other day, and the temperance press of England is making wry faces about it.

IT is stated that Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales's eldest son, before settling in England will make an extensive tour in Europe, the United States, and Canada.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON has been decorated by King Alfonso of Spain with the Cross of the Civil Order of Beneficence, in recognition of her many deeds of charity.

GENERAL GRANT'S memoirs are to include reminiscences of the Mexican War as well as of the great war. It is likely that the volume will be finished within the coming three months.

THE remains of the wife of Edgar Allan Poe were last week interred by the side of those of her husband, in the cemetery at Baltimore. They had been removed from Fordham, N. Y., in 1875.

MR. BLAINE is now said to intend writing a history of American politics from 1786 to 1815, to which the political aspects of the War of 1812 will be incidental, and not a history of that war, as has been advertised.

THE President has informed the Board of Managers of the New Orleans Exposition that he will be unable to visit the Exposition in an official capacity. He expects to make a short visit to New Orleans, however, after March 4th.

A VIRGINIA paper says: "The Hon. Carl Schurz's lecturing tour in the South bids fair to be turned into a semi-triumphal procession. Already several cities have invited him to become their guest, and on all sides his coming is referred to in terms of the most flattering description."

JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, is imitating King Lear in the matter of the distribution of his worldly possessions, but, unlike the old king, the modern judge has a string tied to a portion of his property. He has just distributed among his children \$250,000, but he holds on to 12,000 acres of improved land and a national bank, so that he shall not be subjected to the caprice of possible Regans and Gonerils.

MRS. LANGTRY appeared at the Princess's Theatre in London last week, receiving a most enthusiastic welcome. The audience was as brilliant as has ever been assembled in the theatre. Among the gentlemen present were the Earl of Dunraven, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Hartington (the War Secretary), and Sir Frederick Leighton (President of the Royal Academy). Mrs. Langtry's acting is considered to be much improved, and her portrayal of energy and passion was a surprise to the Londoners, who had only seen her before her American tour.

WITHIN four years eleven members of the House of Representatives have been promoted to the United States Senate. The Democrats who have received promotion are Senators Gibson, of Louisiana, and Kenna, of West Virginia, and Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky, who was chosen after one of the hottest contests in the history of Kentucky politics. The Republicans are Senators Frye, of Maine; Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hawley, of Connecticut; Miller and Lapham, of New York; Mitchell, of Pennsylvania; and Conger, of Michigan; and Senator-elect Chase, of Rhode Island.

AT a State dinner given by President Arthur last week, covers were laid for thirty-six, and the table was very beautifully decorated with flowers. The central ornament was a floral model of a pontoon bridge, the supports of roses studded with carnations. The framework was traced with smilax and the footpath across of Bon Silene roses. Separated from this handsome design by overflowing round vases of cut flowers were two tall ships, the hulls planked with solid rows of white, pink and crimson carnations, and at the tip-top of the smilax-covered rigging were look-outs of rosebuds.

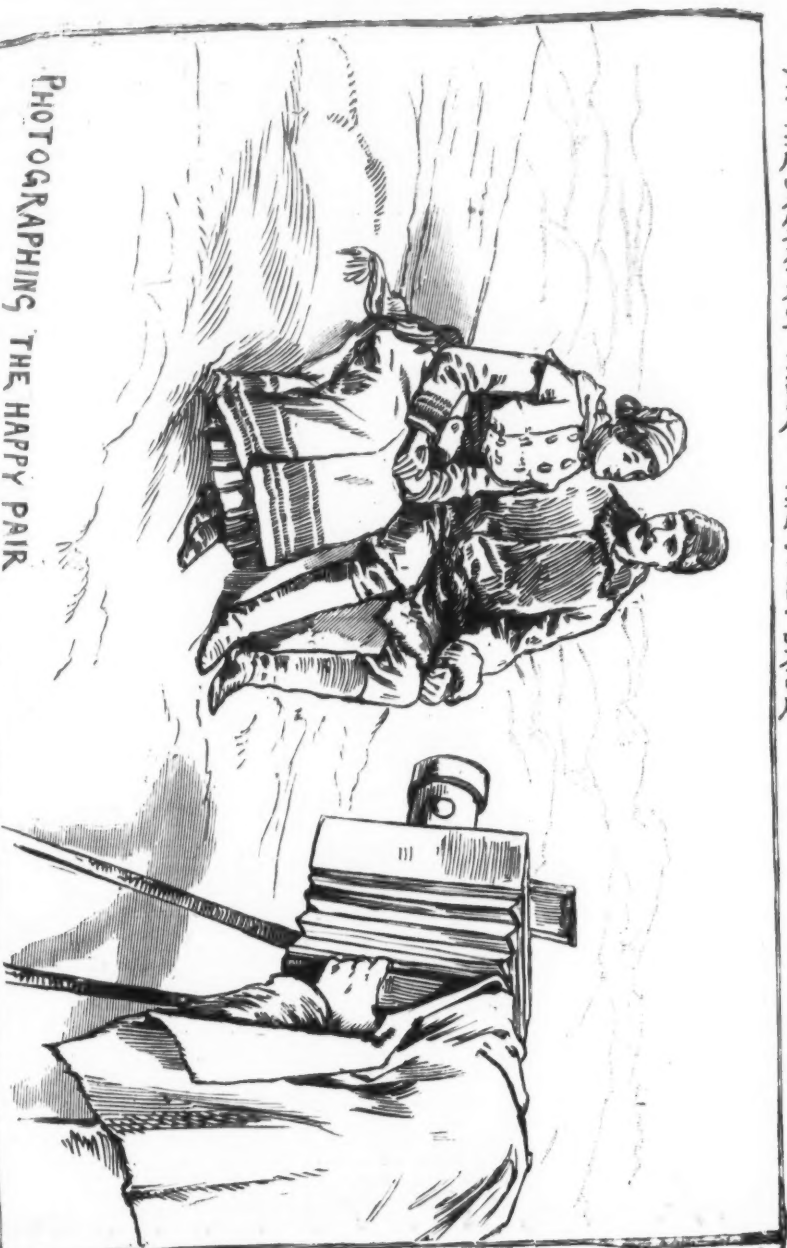
MR. EDMUND YATES is not permitted to have things as much his own way as he had expected in the prison to which he has been sent for the offense of libel. Under orders from the Home Office he has been put on allowance of half a pint of wine, or one pint of malt liquor per day; visits from friends must be arranged by the visiting magistrates, and he can receive only one newspaper daily. His letters are to be regulated by the Governor's orders. He is to take exercise by himself in the first-class misdeemeanant's ground, to rise at half-past six and to retire at a quarter-past nine. These rules, however, may be relaxed by the medical authorities if his health suffers from the prison treatment.

DR. M. F. CARVER'S feat in shooting 60,000 wooden balls in six successive days is certainly a remarkable one. The strain upon his physical endurance was very great, but he fired rapidly and accurately, and up to the very last showed no signs of breaking down. At different times during the match he complained of pains and stiffness in his wrists and neck. Several times he was cut in the face by cartridge shells, and at one time his right eye was in a bad condition. These troubles were only temporary, and on the last night he seemed able to continue the match for another week. He had four helpers, who loaded his five rifles and tossed up the blocks of wood. These men were in worse condition than Dr. Carver. The highest number of shots in any one day was 13,017, or nine hits per minute for the whole twenty-four hours.





AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE - THE JOLLY BRIDE



PHOTOGRAPHING THE HAPPY PAIR



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

NEW YORK.—BRIDES AND BRIDGES AT NIAGARA FALLS.—WINTER SCENES.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 394.







## THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER II.—A STOLEN SECRET.

THE longer Mr. Gorham pondered over the incoherence, the horror-stricken aspect and the hysterical nervousness of the man who had just left him, the darker became the mystery of Spencer Whitehurst's taking off.

Judging upon general principles, the incoherence, the horror and the hysterical nervousness that had so unmanned Gregory Kendall, would have been natural enough to a finely-strung nervous organization under the awful shock of a first and terrible guiltiness. But, judging from his own previous knowledge of the man's character, they were not natural.

Refined, sensitive, high-toned, Gregory Kendall would never carelessly have wounded the meanest thing that crawled, but with all his refined sensitiveness there had been about him, as a boy, a dogged resistance to injustice and a cool determination to protect his honor from assault of any description. That had made Mr. Gorham's own position of champion at school a sinecure, save in cases of great disparity of size and muscle. Mr. Gorham believed that, if Gregory had seen cause to kill Spencer Whitehurst he would have done it openly, taking no advantage of him and have borne the consequences manfully. Believing this, he was mentally much perturbed over Gregory's strange conduct. The case interested him deeply, and he resolved to watch it; absolutely refusing to be retained for the prosecution, he awaited further developments.

Gregory was to return to him the next morning. Would it be to give him a full and truthful account of this whole dark affair? He doubted it. He would not press the matter, he resolved, but would wait patiently for that full and free statement without which he could do nothing in the way of help or rescue. He was not much surprised that the next morning did not bring Gregory; nor the next, nor the next. So completely had he lost sight of his old schoolfellow in the fifteen years previous to Gregory's sudden and startling reappearance, that he knew it would be necessary to make inquiry before he could discover the location of Mr. Kendall's business house or dwelling. Not caring to draw attention toward his unfortunate old fog by the slightest indication that he, a prominent criminal lawyer, was at this significant juncture keeping his eye upon him as a suspected man, he would not even try to discover his whereabouts.

In the meanwhile Wilson, the detective, patiently and perseveringly bent upon earning his reward, examined again and again the scene of the tragedy; questioned again and again any one and every one likely to have noticed the in-going or out-coming of visitors to the chemist's office on that ill-fated morning.

With the single exception of a well-dressed modestly veiled lady, no one had been seen either to enter or leave the chemist's office. That was all that questioning elicited. But at last his perseverance was rewarded with a clew! Between the morocco cushion and the woodwork of the chair in which the chemist had been sitting when he met his death, Mr. Wilson discovered a glove! A woman's dainty kid glove, which he placed in his pocket and carried away with him.

That afternoon found him once more creaking heavily up the steep stairway that led to Mr. Gorham's office, bent upon extorting an opinion from the astute jurist, whose steps seemed, in Mr. Wilson's case, at least, typical of his own personal inaccessibility.

Mr. Gorham had plenty of questions to ask him touching the murder that was filling the newspapers and everybody's mind and tongue.

The detective complained, with an injured air, of the meagre amount of evidence against any one. "After all," said Mr. Gorham, "what reason is there to suppose that any one killed the chemist? Why not adopt the most reasonable hypothesis and pronounce it a suicide?"

But the hypothesis which should deprive Mr. Wilson of a thousand dollars was not the most reasonable one in his estimation, so he answered very promptly: "Utterly out of the question. No weapon discoverable about the premises. His own pistols were lying in their case in his bureau-drawer, in an upper chamber."

Mr. Gorham stroked his long mustache meditatively, but still did not volunteer the much desired opinion.

So Mr. Wilson resumed: "This morning I found something that, under any other circumstances, might lead up to something. But as it is, it goes for little or nothing," and he carelessly flung the glove upon the lawyer's desk.

Only a woman's glove! Delicate of color, soft of texture, redolent of a perfume so subtle yet so decided, it might have been wafted from Araby the blest.

Another voiceless witness, the lawyer mused, smoothing the pliant kid upon his fingers as he carefully noted the number. "Six and three-quarters! Not too small for Gregory's slender hand, nor yet disgracefully large for a woman's hand," he said to himself. Aloud: "But as it is, this goes for little or nothing! May I ask, Mr. Wilson, what you mean by that? In cases of this sort I should suppose the slightest tending of a clew would go for a great deal."

"Exactly, counselor; but the late Dr. Spencer Whitehurst, you see, was counted one of the handsomest men and most successful gallants in the city, and it's probable he could have carpeted his office floor with just such remembrances as that glove if he'd seen fit to."

"So? Ah, well then, probably you are right in laying so little stress on this clew. In fact, it counts for so little, under such circumstances, that

I am going to ask the loan of this glove until some time to-morrow. I had no acquaintance whatever with the ill-fated gentleman, but in the interests of morality I hope you may be able to ferret this mystery to the bottom, and—smiling blandly—"win your reward."

Mr. Wilson eyed the jurist suspiciously as he sat there curling the fingers of pearl-gray kid about his fingers of firm white flesh, never once offering to relinquish possession of the perfumed clew.

"May I ask, counselor," he asked, with a nervously apologetic cough, "why, since I can neither beg nor buy an opinion of you in this matter, you care to hold on to that bit of kid?"

"Certainly you may ask, my dear fellow, and I will answer most truthfully. The color of this kid strikes me as a beautiful novelty. I am rather fastidious in the matter of my own gloves, and, if it is possible to find this shade in my number, I shall certainly become the happy possessor of a pair like it."

As it was no secret that the great criminal lawyer was one of the most fastidiously elegant men about town, Mr. Wilson had to accept the explanation and loan the kid glove for the required length of time, saying:

"No harm can come of it, I suppose."

"Upon my honor, none shall," said Mr. Gorham, buttoning the glove into his pocket; mentally adding, "At least, to Gregory Kendall."

Five or six days after that first tempestuous interview Gregory Kendall once more entered the lawyer's office.

It was evident, at a first glance, that the man had mastered himself. Aside from the deadly pallor of his complexion, and the look of patient suffering in his large eyes, there was nothing to denote the awful agonies of horror, doubt and dying trust through which his tried soul had passed since their last meeting. He looked as if, having endured all that a man could endure, nothing could ever arouse or shake him again. He seemed to have aged and to have wearied of the great burden of his existence, which, nevertheless, he was resolved to bear with quiet, manly patience. Even his voice sounded tired as he said, extending a thin, hot hand:

"I am afraid I made a terrible fool of myself the other day, Gorham. I am better now. At least, I promise you not to treat you to any more 'facial gymnastics,' or 'private theatricals.' I've just sent my wife and little one down to Medway to her father. He is reported as being quite low, and I thought the trip would benefit Kate and the child. So I'm on your hands for the evening. Come, I've been knocked up with a neuralgic attack for the past four or five days. Kept my room according to orders, so have fallen behind the times. What is the latest news—about—"

His voice died away in a husky whisper.

"Almost absolutely nothing," said the lawyer. "I am inclined to think it was a suicide," he added, with a steady glance fixing Gregory.

"You are not. You want to hurry me up in my confession. Time enough. Wait until I'm apprehended," Gregory answered, returning the gaze with one of absolute resolution.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Greg. Wilson did make a discovery, yesterday, which amounted to so little that I have borrowed his discovery for my own private use. By-the-way, you used to be something of a dandy yourself. What would you call that color? This is what Wilson found, and hopes to work up into a clew. Is it mauve or ecru, or which of the new colors?"

With apparently no deeper interest in life than the matching of that odd glove, the great criminal lawyer brought the dainty thing to view, and held it out for Gregory's inspection, watching him keenly beneath his drooping lids all the while.

White, livid, with his mouth twitching convulsively, the suspected man sat gazing at the glove like one spellbound. But his hard won composure did not desert him even yet.

"What," he asked, in a strangely calm voice, "is this discovery likely to lead up to?"

"It is calculated to divert suspicion from you and fasten it upon some woman. But the color, my boy, the color!"

"Hang the color!" cried Gregory, losing control of himself, in one burst of wretchedness. "It is blood-color! I see no color but blood! There is no color but blood! I breathe blood! smell blood! drink blood! Sleeping or waking it is blood! blood! blood!"

And like one pursued he fled from the lawyer's presence.

Calling his office-boy to have a change of things, Mr. Gorham seized his hat and immediately started in pursuit, determined to keep the half-crazed man in view.

Keeping Gregory in view, himself remaining on the opposite side of the street, Mr. Gorham maintained his own leisurely gait, until suddenly, whisking through a small wicket-gate appertaining to a modest little cottage away on the outskirts of the town, Gregory Kendall passed through the door without ceremony, and Mr. Gorham knew he was at home.

Slowly making the circuit of the block before crossing over, he too passed into the cottage without ceremony, for he had Gregory's word for it that Mrs. Kendall was out of town, and he did not care to have any servant that might be about the premises cognizant of his visit.

He found himself in a small carpeted hall from which doors opening on either side gave entrance into the various apartments of the house. Pausing irresolute, scarcely knowing how to proceed, now that he had invaded Gregory's castle, the lawyer was on the point of calling about for his host, when he was attracted by a heavy fall on the floor in a room to his right, towards which he proceeded without further ceremony, and pushed open the door.

Prone upon the floor lay Gregory Kendall. Crushed beneath him in his fall was a woman's

dress of soft gray pongee, the contents of its pocket having evidently just been emptied by the unhappy man before consciousness left him. A pan of freshly ignited charcoal showed the lawyer what Gregory's intention had been—to burn these things—but before his task had been accomplished the deadly fumes of the charcoal had overpowered him.

Mr. Gorham's first care was to extinguish the pan of charcoal, his next to fling the windows up, then he approached the fallen man, and, carefully noting his surroundings, knew by a flash of inspiration why Gregory Kendall's soul had been shaken to its centre by the killing of Spencer Whitehurst.

From the deep pocket of the soft gray pongee it was evident the articles strewn about had just been extracted—a tiny silver-mounted, single-barreled pistol, bearing upon the name-plate, "S.W."; the beginning of a torn letter, addressed to "My lost idol"; the mate of the glove then in Mr. Gorham's possession; and a delicate cambric handkerchief, perfumed with the same delicate perfume that pervaded the glove, and marked "Catherine Kendall."

Quite sure that there was no longer any danger from the charcoal, Mr. Gorham softly replaced the window as he had found it, and stole noiselessly away.

"I came to comfort him," he said, as he once more stood upon the street; "but God help him! It would be but sorry comfort for him to know that I have stolen his hideous secret from him. He will recover from his swoon presently, and then he will finish his sombre task, completing the holocaust whereon he will offer up, poor boy, along with those mute witnesses of crime, all of joy and trust and love life held for him."

The next morning more than one blank wall about the city was placarded with a strangely sensational paragraph touching the Whitehurst murder. It read thus: "It seemed strange that the boasted vigilance and astuteness of our detective force should be so completely inadequate to trace the murder of our late eminent and popular citizen, Dr. Spencer Whitehurst. Is it not known that Dr. Whitehurst, suddenly, and considerably to the commercial injury of a certain party, who shall be nameless, opened the drug-store on the corner of Cherry and Fleet Streets? Avarice made the first Cain—why not this one? A hint to the wise, written in the interest of social security by a law-abiding citizen."

Mr. Gorham read this placard in common with half the town.

"By Heaven!" he muttered, turning away from the perusal of it with a grinding motion of his heel upon the stone pavement. "This is another phase of his insanity. I will save him from himself, from the clutches of the law and from her!"

"Called away on pressing business," was the announcement that stared every one in the face from Mr. Gorham's office-door for the next four or five days.

But of all those who, after climbing the steep stairs to consult the jurist, faced this disappointment with more or less of philosophical endurance, there were none so keenly disappointed or so unphilosophical over Mr. Gorham's absence as Wilson, the detective, who went away, muttering, after his third fruitless climb:

"There is no use wasting any more time in this direction. I'll make out my affidavit for Gregory Kendall's arrest at once!"

## CHAPTER III.—EXPATRIATED.

THERE is no use arguing the point any longer, my dear fellow. There is but one way out of this whole miserable business, and that one way is—expatriation. Having just been pulled through as small a loophole as a man ever got through neck-whole, one would naturally expect to find you perfectly docile, and altogether reasonable about any after matter, upon which must depend the final issue, after all. I scarcely think you have been in a frame of mind to realize how near that womanish white throat of yours has been to exchanging its fastidious silken ties for a hempen cravat. And all through your own insane folly!" Mr. Gorham wound up, looking steadily into Gregory Kendall's warm face.

A look of sullen despair was all the response the lawyer received; so, smoothing the long, curling ends of his mustache fiercely for a few seconds of meditation, he proceeded with his lecture:

"You have done everything to excite, rather than divert, suspicion. All my unprofessional manoeuvring has almost been set at naught after all. You have made me wonder at the strength of your hold upon my affections, so absurdly have you acted in this matter. Wilson has his spies well paid. Your own servants, I doubt not, are among them. How else has it gotten to his hearing, that your wife called in her family physician to consult him regarding your sanity? or that you sent her and your child out of the city in half an hour's notice?"

"Mrs. Kendall was summoned by telegraph to her father's death-bed three days ago," said Gregory, with dignity.

"I am glad to hear it," was the lawyer's heartless rejoinder. "That will simplify matters."

"For whom?"

"All of us."

The settled misery in the face of his companion, the apathetic droop of his slender boyish form touched whatever of heart-long familiarity with tales of crime and sufferings of criminals may have left in the breast of one of the city's first criminal lawyers, and infused genuine feeling into his next words, and a slight warmth into one of the coldest, calmest, most deliberate voices that ever badgered a witness or crushed an opposing counsel, with the force of a dam's living ice-floe.

"Forget that I am a lawyer, Gregory," he said. "Try to see in me only the old-time friend of 'White Taw' and 'China Alley' days. When you were my willing little tag, and I was your champion

against aggressors of every stripe, you followed my bidding blindly then. I ask you, for your own sake, to do as much now. Say whether you are willing to follow my friendly counsel as unquestioningly as if circumstances had compelled you to submit to my legal advice."

"What do you want of me? Speak slowly and put it very plainly. I feel like an old, old man, who has lived a century—out-lived everything worth living for—whose memory concerning yesterday and to-day is weak and treacherous. When you speak rapidly, I grow dizzy in the effort to follow you," Gregory answered.

Mr. Gorham regarded the unhappy man with a keenly observant look, then asked: "What is your last distinct recollection since our taking the train for a run down to my mother's place?"

"That was the evening after the very day that Kate left me."

"Yes."

"I remember the stopping of the train at a water-tank in the woods, and your getting off with me, and telling me to remain there quietly until you should come back for me; then you sprang back to the train, and with a shriek of the locomotive, and a rush and a clatter, I found myself deserted, as I believed, by the last friend I had on earth. I remember that the old tank man was very good to me, when I told him I had been taken suddenly ill and had gotten off to take the first down train back home. I think he did not find it hard to believe. He took me straightway to his little cabin, and gave up his own bed to me. I threw myself on it and seemed to fall at once into a blessed life-giving, care-killing sleep, and yet I seem never to have lost the mournful sound of the wind sighing through the branches of the great trees that crowded about the little hut. And I remember watching the long black shadows creep stealthily from tree trunk to tree trunk as the day wore away, and I fancied they looked like black-robed nuns gliding through the forest aisles to vespers; but the sun went down and the shadows deepened into the blackness of a starless night, and the old tank man built a huge fire in the hut, and we had no other light. Then more shadows came creeping about me. His and mine only you will say, but they flitted grotesquely about the hut as the flames flickered or flared, coming closer to me, gliding far from me like shadowy ghosts sent by him to torture me. Then you came back, and God bless you for it, Hugh, and since then—since then—Hugh! I wonder if I am going crazy?"

With this question there came into the speaker's haggard eyes a look of the most pitiful bewilderment, as if his overtaxed brain vainly essayed to grapple some suddenly presented new and complex problem.

And, indeed, the problem of Gregory Kendall's future was most likely to prove both new and complex.

"Tut, man!" says the lawyer, with breezy cheerfulness, "morbid fancies born of morbid sensibilities, bred in a morbid brain! Nothing more and nothing worse!"

The evidences of brain weakness on the part of his companion did not, however, escape the penetration of the lawyer, for it was in consequence of such evidence that he said, speaking very slowly and very distinctly:

"We will put you in the third person for the sake of convenience, Gregory, while I state your position and my desires. You will please give me your best attention and correct me if I make a mis-statement. To begin then: Gregory Kendall having in the heat of passion—"

"In defense of honor what will not a person do?" Gregory suddenly ejaculated, with fierce impatience.

"Person" is a noun of the common gender, Greg," Mr. Gorham hazarded, and was sorry of his experiment, immediately adding, soothingly: "My dear Kendall, you are alone with your best friend. This is not the court-house, nor my office, nor your confessional. Consequently you can permit my statement of your case to proceed without any interpolations. To resume."

(To be continued.)

## LIFE AND NATURE AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA'S Winter attractions are famous. Every year the mighty cataract and river hold an ice carnival far more wondrous and fantastic than that of Montreal. This season it had been somewhat delayed, but the "cold snap" and accompanying blizzard which came about the 16th instant, and lasted a week did their work, and did it grandly. Such a spectacle! The strong winds broke up the heavy lake ice, which went over the Falls in enormous quantities, crushing itself into the gorge in the river, forming a mammoth ice bridge from a point in front of the Prospect House, and extending, a mile and a half in length, down the river below the mills. The fringe ice, hanging from the rocks adjacent to the Falls, with the heavy stalactites and the shrub ice on the trees formed from the spray, together with a white snow-ground, presents a beautiful picture.

This brings the tourists in crowds from New York, Montreal, Chicago, and a score of other cities having convenient railroad connections. As there appear always to be a dozen brass-mouthed and iron-lunged hackmen to every tourist, the scenes in front of the hotels and at the stations and park entrance have just now all the animation and uproar of the Summer season.

Niagara would not be itself without the bridal parties, and, sure enough! there they are, just the same as ever—bidding and cooing, spooning and crooning, displaying Cupid's trademark to all the world as they flounder in their sea of bliss. Bachelors and spinsters may not like it, but after all it is interesting to note the honest pride with which a great strapping fellow marches up to the hotel register and inscribes "Charles Smith & Wife, Seedville Centre, Cayuga Co., N. Y." The breakfast tables display whole rows of brides and grooms—it may be coachmen—who attract attention by their efforts to avoid it, and then blush to find themselves the observed of all observers. But others there are in the same boat. They soon coalesce into a kind of honeymoon



coterie, and all goes merry as the marriage bells which have been so continuously ringing during the present season. They are lavish with their money as well as with their affection, and the photographers, guides, hackmen, bead-sellers and servants reap a midwinter harvest.

All of which attracts the eye and animates the pencil of the artist, who this week furnishes our readers with a double page of graphic souvenirs.

#### THE OLYMPIAN ROLLER-SKATING RINK.

WE present, this week, in order to illustrate more fully the most popular of all sports, a sketch of the new Olympian Roller-skating Rink as it appeared on the opening night last week. Roller-skating seems to have become a mania with both old and young. Its fascinations are indescribable, and, unlike most other sports, it is highly recommended by both physicians and clergymen. It has proved seriously detrimental to liquor and billiard saloons; the youth of to-day, instead of spending his evenings in playing "pool for the drinks," can now be seen wheeling around the skating-floor with some lady companion, and instead of coming from his sport with callow and whitened complexion, he emerges from this exhilarating exercise with the glow of health in every feature. The Olympian Club was the first to inaugurate roller-skating in this city, their coming here last Winter being regarded by many as a reckless waste of money. The managers, however, heeding the many sayings of as many wisacres, opened their doors, and the result speaks for itself. From here, the bound was "Westward Ho," and to-day more than \$20,000,000 are invested in skating rinks. The very careful and strict management of the Olympian Club eliminating any evils that might, if permitted, have tarnished their good name, at once commanded the support of the higher elements who patronize this sport. In order to more fully satisfy the wealthy portion of their patrons, the erection of this rink has been necessary. Situated on Broadway, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, and running through to Seventh Avenue, it takes in a lot of land some 75 by 200 feet in dimensions. The building has been erected and is owned by Messrs. W. L. Wainwright, A. J. Robinson, W. L. Noble, E. N. Sweet and F. R. Fortmeyer, the latter gentleman being manager. The opening night was a surprise to those attending. Instead of entering in the old-fashioned way, and gazing on bare walls, the visitor was ushered through drawn curtains, and gazed upon what might be termed a drawing-room with a skating-floor. Care and taste is everywhere displayed, and patrons realize at once the ample provision made for their comfort. The uniformed attendants constantly look out for the wants of all. On the opening night an attractive programme, consisting of fancy skating by Miss Jennie Houghton and Mr. Raymond Mayer, and bicycle-riding by Harry W. Tufts, elicited great applause. This rink must certainly rank among the finest, and it will become more and more the Mecca of beauty and fashion, ambitious to glide on rollers through the hours.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR.

"To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

"The following case, illustrating the practical benefits to be derived from a regular perusal of such journals as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and their value as educators, has recently come to my notice.

"James Carey, an intelligent Irishman, living at McKee, Blair County, Pa., is blacksmith and machinist for the Hollidaysburg and Gap Iron Co., and is esteemed by all who know him as an intelligent, practical mechanic, who besides being a master workman in iron, has a general education beyond that of most of his craft.

"Eleven years ago, Mr. Carey was a young man with a trade, but no education—having had but three months of schooling in his lifetime—when he for the first time saw a copy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. He could not read, nor spell, as he did not know his letters, but the paper contained the alphabet in an article on languages, and from this he took his start on the road to knowledge. He has read every issue of the paper since, and it has been the principal means by which he has obtained his education. In it he learned the figures, and supplemented by study at home after his day's work was done, he is enabled to make all necessary calculations incident to his trade—and they are not few. He prizes FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER above all others, and has each volume nicely bound.

"Mr. Carey, in addition to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, has read books and papers of all sorts and kinds, and a stranger conversing with him is surprised at the variety and extent of his information. He ascribes his success in life wholly to the incident which threw in his way, eleven years ago, a copy of your paper.

"Altoona, Blair Co., Pa." "S. A. HAMILTON."

#### CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"We do not keep the 'conscience money' in a separate fund," said Chief Clerk Dascomb, of the Division of Public Monies, in reply to a question the other day, writes a Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*. "It is merely turned into the Treasury the same as money received from other sources of revenue. The amount received each year appears in the annual reports. It varies a great deal; this year it may be \$500 and next year \$1,000. Not one in fifty of these remittances ever furnishes the slightest clew to the identity of the sender. Some of them contain brief explanatory notes, stating for what the money is due the Government, but signatures of any kind are extremely rare. Some simply say, 'This money belongs to the Government,' or words to that effect. Many do not contain a scratch of pen or pencil. The money is merely inclosed in a piece of blank paper. We suppose all such to be cases of 'conscience' and treat them accordingly. It is, of course, impossible to give receipts for the money. Occasionally they write: 'Please acknowledge the receipt in the newspapers.' That is the reason why we always take pains to have the receipt of 'conscience money' mentioned in the Associated Press dispatches. The sender is very likely to be looking out for such an item. When he sees it he knows that his money has reached the Treasury, and his troubled conscience is at rest.

"The only cases which have anybody's name connected with them are those like one we had a few weeks ago. A Catholic priest in Boston wrote that one of his members, on his deathbed, confessed to him that he had wronged the Government out of \$50. He desired to make restitution, but wished his name withheld. He accordingly inclosed the amount with interest at eight per cent, for nine years, \$86 in all. The man evidently didn't want that thing to bother him hereafter and prolong his stay in purgatory. The priest signed his own name, and we acknowledged by letter the receipt of the money. We have had a number of instances of that kind in which the activity of conscience appeared 'to be stimulated by serious illness or the confessional.

"The principal reasons for remitting, when the senders make any explanations at all, are that the money is due for taxes or custom duties evaded, or for petty frauds to avoid payment of postage. I remember one case of a lady who, after spending some time abroad, returned to this country, bringing with her a valuable article of wearing apparel. I think it was for her own use and not strictly dutiable, but her conscience troubled her about it. She went back to England, and while there told one of our consuls the story and requested him to ascertain the amount of duty. He did so and she at once remitted it to us. She wrote a nice little note accompanying it, full of contrition, and expressing the hope that Uncle Sam would forgive her, but she hadn't the courage to sign her name to it.

"The largest amount I remember to have received in a single inclosure was \$4,000. It is a little singular that for this large sum there was absolutely nothing to show whence it came except the postmark on the envelope. Even this may have been misleading, as it is very possible the person sent it away somewhere to be mailed. He was evidently very careful to conceal his identity, as the inclosure was in currency, four one thousand dollar bills. A draft would furnish a clew that might be followed up. Upon the paper wrapped around the money was written: 'Place this to the credit of conscience,' and that was all.

"The smallest remittance that I recall was ten cents. That was a funny case, too. The money was inclosed in quite a long letter, unsigned, in which the writer said that when a boy he received a letter from a friend, the 3-cent postage stamp on which had by some means escaped cancellation. More in a spirit of mischief than anything else he detached the stamp and used it on his answer to the letter, thus making it do double duty. It had always worried him, and now he wanted to ease his conscience. It had been nearly twenty years since the offence was committed, and he presumed the interest would increase the amount due to seven or eight cents, but to be certain of discharging the full debt he would inclose ten cents."

#### THE JOKE ON MARK TWAIN.

WHEN Mark Twain read in *Cleveland*, not long ago, he told the following incident: "I have a distinct recollection of this hall. I came here once with a new lecture about the 'Innocents Abroad,' that I had prepared. I thought I had mastered it; but, alas! I found out otherwise. I had launched out and was sailing along beautifully when a gentleman and lady, who perhaps had to take an early train, got up to go out. The little occurrence threw me off the track. Suddenly I forgot where I was. I couldn't for the life of me tell where I left off. I paused and tried to think, and the pause became very embarrassing—finally seemed to become amusing to the audience. I assure you it was not so to me. As the laughter increased, I grew frantic, and frankly admitted that I had lost my place, and said I would be everlastingly obliged if some one in the audience would tell me where I left off. The effect of this was to make the audience laugh harder than before. They thought it was a joke, although I still insisted that it was not. Finally, when the suspense had become overpowering, an angel—with a bald head—arose and asked me if I was really in earnest in desiring to know which lie I was telling. I said I was, and the gentleman kindly told me. I shall never forget that good man. It was Mr. Solon Severance."

#### THE ANCIENT HOUSE AT STRATFORD.

It is the ill-fortune of the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon to be perpetually confronted by some difficulty with regard to the interesting antiquities of their town. The problem which perplexes them this time is, however, no debatable question of disturbing their poet's bones or restoring their church, but simply of keeping up if possible the building in the High Street known as the ancient house, which bears the date of 1597, and on which Shakespeare's eyes probably rested. It has been in a bad way for some time, and ere now the old structure would have come bodily down into the street, had it not promptly been shored up with timber. But how to sustain it permanently is another thing.

#### THE STORY OF A SONG.

THE *Detroit Times* has been interviewing Dr. W. D. Deane, the well-known musical composer, and gives this account, furnished by him, of the origin of a familiar hymn: "I want to tell you now about my little favorite, 'Tell me the Old, Old Story.' I did not write the words, and there are very few persons who know how they originally came into my possession or by whom they were written. They were produced by Miss Kate Sankey, an English lady of distinction. In 1867 I was attending the international meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Montreal. Among those present was Major-general Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of foolscap paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks. I was much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. He gave me the copy from which he read, and right there the whole joke of the matter comes in. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage-coach one hot Summer afternoon between the Glen House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sung it in the parlors of the hotel, and thought it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it. It was afterwards published in sheet-form in Cincinnati. And now I must tell you the joke. At the bottom of the foolscap sheet was appended the name of the valiant English general, and I naturally supposed he was the author, and credited him with it in publication. I sent him a copy, of course, and he was about the most distressed individual you ever saw. It is not pleasant for even

an English general to be classed a plagiarist. Well, sir, he afterwards bought up the entire edition, and, in republishing, the mistake was duly rectified. The song has since traveled all over the world, and been rendered in many tongues."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CHRYOLITE, a mineral which is of great value in the potash manufacture, has been discovered in the Yellowstone Park. Heretofore it has been obtained only in Greenland.

THE dullness of trade in the manufacturing districts of New England is causing an exodus of French-Canadians, who are returning in great numbers to their own country. Recently a band of fifty of them passed through Boston en route to Canada.

TRACING-PAPER may be made by immersing best tissue paper in a bath composed of turpentine and bleached beeswax. A piece of beeswax an inch in diameter, dissolved in half a pint of turpentine, is said to give good results. The paper should be allowed to dry for two or three days before it is used.

A CONGRESS of scientific societies is to be held at the Sorbonne. Among the physical subjects to be discussed are "Researches on the presence of watery vapor in the air by astronomical and spectroscopic observations," and "What is the utility of magnetic and electric observations with reference to weather predictions?"

A NEW process for drying lumber is attracting attention. It consists in surrounding the wood with common salt. In ordinary kiln-drying the albumen is killed or destroyed, and the surface dries out first, thus sealing the juices inside, to escape eventually through cracks caused by the uneven expansion of the wood. The new process is vastly better.

A COMMISSION has been nominated by the President of the French Republic to investigate the archeology of Tunis, and report on the best method of preserving the ancient monuments of that country. A considerable number of specially-qualified French scholars have been appointed, and M. Ernest Renan has been named President of the Commission.

AN experimental reproduction on the screen of the phenomenon of the solar halo has been recently brought before the Physical Society of Paris by M. Cornu. M. Cornu also discussed the phenomenon of the pink corona which has been visible around the sun during the past few months. He thinks it has its seat in the atmosphere at an elevation considerably higher than the level of the cirrus clouds which give the common ring-halo of 22°. According to M. Cornu, the polarization of the sky has been "profoundly modified" by the present phenomenon, especially when viewed through red glass.

THE "trail" which the ranchmen of the West want is a national cattle-drive from Texas to the Northern Pacific or farther. For this purpose they wish a strip of land, ten miles wide, through all the States and Territories from Texas up. The line proposed would be anywhere from 500 to 1,000 miles in length, and if only six miles in width would involve at the least 3,000 square miles, or 1,920,000 acres of land. Most of this belongs to the Government, but a serious question which has been raised is: "Can the Government afford to give away so much property for the benefit of a single interest?" It is not proposed to remunerate the Government in any way for this valuable grant.

M. MARCEI DEPREZ, the well-known electrician, is not confining his labors exclusively to the transmission of electrical force to distant places. In conjunction with others he has patented a new telephone based on a new principle of vibration, and dispensing with the use of voltaic elements. The lease of the Compagnie Générale des Téléphones being about to expire, the Municipal Council of Paris have held a protracted sitting on the question whether the lease should be renewed or not. In the course of the discussion it was proposed to grant the renewal of the lease provisionally for a month, in order to give the new apparatus a fair trial. The further discussion of the question has been postponed to the next meeting.

FOR testing gold make up a liquid consisting of nitric acid, one ounce; water, two drams; and muriatic acid, half scruple. Mix the ingredients well and keep the solution in a bottle with a glass stopper. With a glass rod which has been dipped in the mixture touch the metal and watch the action. If no effect is produced on the metal it is either gold or gold-plated. If the "gold" is very low or less than nine carat, the acid will boil green, and base metal is at once detected by the mark left by the acid. To test silver apply a drop of a solution of nitric acid, three ounces; water, one ounce; and bichromate of potash, half ounce, and wipe off the drop immediately with a sponge and water. If a blood mark results the metal is silver or the article is silver-plated.

ACCORDING to the *Colonial Mail*, a statement comes from the Cape Colony which is deserving the attention of botanists. It is alleged that insects shun the land on which tomatoes are grown; and the cultivation of the *Lycopersicon esculentum* is accordingly recommended in all cases where it is possible to grow it—under fruit-trees, for instance, since the tomato will thrive in the shade of other trees, which few other plants will do—for the sake of the virtues attributed to it as a prophylactic against the inroads of insect pests. It would be interesting to know whether the tomato has been observed to exercise any such effect on insects elsewhere—in Canada, for instance, where the fruit is so popular—or whether it is only in warmer climates, like that of the Cape, that its peculiar powers are brought into play.

IN the current number of *Science* fresh interest is given to the subject of earthquakes, which have lately caused alarm in both hemispheres, by a statement of the number of noticeable shocks in this country during the twelve years from 1872 to 1883, inclusive. No less than 364 earthquakes are recorded as occurring in Canada and the United States, not including Alaska, within the above period. Of these the Pacific Slope had 151, the Atlantic Coast, 147; and the Mississippi Valley, 66. Thus it appears that an earthquake occurs about once in every twelve days somewhere in the United States and Canada, and about once a month on the Atlantic Coast. These are exclusive of the lighter tremors which do not make an impression on observers, but which would be recorded by a properly constructed seismometer, an instrument designed to detect the slightest shocks.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A CHINAMAN in Chicago recently bought a white baby from a midwife for the sum of \$12.

A DISPATCH from Rome asserts that Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, will be created a Cardinal in May.

STATISTICS compiled by Pennsylvania authority show that 24,104,160 barrels of petroleum, or a daily average of 66,083 barrels, were consumed during 1884.

THE yield of the Leadville gold, silver and lead mines for last year amounted to \$12,392,000, or a yield of more than \$2,000,000 over that for the year preceding.

FLOATING sawmills are common on the lower Mississippi. They pick up the drifting logs, turn them into lumber, and sell the product to planters along the shore.

A DETACHED ward of the Eastern Illinois Insane Asylum, at Kankakee, was destroyed by fire on the 18th instant. The building contained forty-five patients, of whom seventeen perished in the flames.

A LIST of alligator poets is advertised in a Southern newspaper. Study reveals that they are not amphibious pachyderms who have taken up the lyre, but are volumes of poetry bound in the favorite skin.

A NEW serial story entitled, "What She Made of her Life," by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio, written expressly for *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, will begin the March number of that publication and continue about eight months.

THE crofters of the Isle of Skye have rejected the concessions recently offered by the landlords. The latter had proposed to increase the size of holdings, grant leases for twenty years where rents were not in arrears, and to permit a revision of rents as compensation for permanent improvements.

NEGROES must be either a longer lived race than the whites, or else the frequent accounts of persons of color dying at extreme old ages must be largely apocryphal. A negro woman, said to have been beyond a doubt 128 years old, is reported to have died recently at Dennis Station, Ga., and thus adds another to the long list of colored people living to an extreme age.

MODERN railways are about to invade the Holy Land in several directions. Turkish capitalists have obtained concessions, and will build lines immediately from Alexandretta to Aleppo, along the bank of the Euphrates, and eventually to Damascus. The aim is to connect the Syrian Sea with the river Euphrates, one of the most important highways of Asiatic trade.

DISPATCHES from Rome announce that several villages in the highlands of Piedmont and Savoy have been devastated by avalanches and many persons killed. At Sparone fifteen persons were killed, and days were spent in digging out the survivors. The villagers who have been made homeless are in great distress, and have appealed for relief from the royal treasury at Rome. Troops have been sent from Rome to assist the villagers.

MODERN civilization can no longer say "as free as water or air," for it is stated that the rates charged for water furnished through meters are as follows in the following cities: In Baltimore, 8 cents per 1,000 gallons; in New York and Chicago, 10 cents; in St. Louis, 15 to 20 cents; in Boston, 20 cents; in Worcester, 25 cents; in Providence, Fall River and Cambridge, 30 cents; and in Portland, 50 cents. Next, the people who live within smelling distance of Hunter's Point would like to have a Fresh-air Company organized.

THE Paris *Charivari* has a very clever picture of the divorce problem in an alleged toy for children. On an ordinary stand are figures of a man and woman, standing at either end and facing each other. They are joined by a band which so connects them that they cannot be separated except by cutting it apart. On this band are strung several children, who, if the band is cut, will slip off the loose ends and fall down. The problem is to cut the band without jeopardizing the position of the children. It points a moral very graphically.

THE landing of Ponce de Leon in Florida in 1512 and the founding of St. Augustine, the oldest city in this country, in 1565, by Menendez, will be celebrated in that city on March 27th, the anniversary of the former event. The celebrating will continue two days, and will consist of a grand land and water display, a commemorative military mass, a regatta, tournament and brilliant display of fireworks. A novel feature will be the presence of a body of Seminoles from the southern part of the State, the descendants of the tribes who greeted the Spaniards on their landing.

THE Public Lands Committee has reported to the House of Representatives a Bill to prevent aliens and foreigners from acquiring or owning lands in the United States. The report says that certain noblemen of Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired and now own, in the aggregate, about 21,000,000 acres of land within the United States, and that this alien ownership will lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. The foundation for such a system, the committee add, is being laid broadly in the Western States and Territories. A considerable number of the immigrants annually arriving in this country are to become tenants and herdsmen on the vast possessions of these foreign lords under contracts made and entered into before they sail for our shores.

A WASHINGTON letter says that so many persons that were not invited have been self-invited guests at receptions and parties of Cabinet and diplomatic officials, as well as of the President, that it has become necessary to guard against such impositions in future. The invitations to the President's receptions are worded so as to intimate plainly that "Mr. Jones and family" does not mean all the Joneses in creation, or an unlimited number of friends whom he may invite as constructively belonging to his family. Requests in behalf of persons temporarily staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jones will receive consideration. One Senator introduced under the head of "family" seven outsiders whom the hostess had never seen or heard of, and did not wish to. "There are persons here," said the wife of a Foreign Minister, "whom I did not invite, and who, by coming here this way, show that they ought not to have invitations." "This crowd, where did they come from?" asked the wife of a member of the Cabinet; "I'll take care of that in future." The President found himself placed under the same necessity.





NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE OLYMPIAN ROLLER-SKATING RINK, ON BROADWAY, BETWEEN FIFTY-SECOND AND FIFTY-THIRD STREETS, JANUARY 19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 395.





GREAT BRITAIN.—MISS FORTESCUE, THE ACTRESS, PLAINTIFF IN THE LATE SUIT AGAINST LORD GARMOYLE.

PHOTO. BY ELLIOT & FRY.—SEE PAGE 390.



FRANCE.—MISS E. MACKAY, HEIRESS OF THE "BONANZA KING," AND BETROTHED TO PRINCE COLONNA.

PHOTO. BY A. PEARSALL.—SEE PAGE 390.

#### HON. JOHN DAVIS.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE, UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS.

**HON. JOHN DAVIS**, recently nominated as Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims, in place of Judge Wm. A. Richardson, promoted to be Chief Justice of that Court, is comparatively a young man, but by efficient service in several important capacities has proved himself in every way worthy of the honorable promotion he has received. Mr. Davis was born in Newton, Mass., in 1851. He comes of good New England stock, being a grandson of "Honest John Davis," who was twice a Senator and twice Governor of Massachusetts. He pursued his early studies in Boston, and afterwards completed his course at the Universities of Heidelberg, Berlin and Paris. He was appointed to a temporary clerkship in the Department of State in 1870, and in the following year was promoted to a higher grade. When the Geneva Tribunal met in 1872, Mr. Davis was appointed secretary to the agent of the United States, and took an active part in the

arduous labor of preparing the elaborate arguments of the United States for presentation to that tribunal. On his return to Washington in October, 1872, he was appointed to a clerkship of the highest grade in the State Department, and made private secretary to Secretary Fish. In 1874, he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims. Meanwhile, he was called to the Bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession. In January, 1881, Mr. Davis was appointed assistant counsel on the part of the United States before the French and American Claims Commission, a position for which his early training in languages and international law well qualified him.

In January, 1882, Mr. Davis was commissioned Assistant-Secretary of State, which office he now relinquishes to accept a judgeship in one of the most important courts of the nation. He is a member of the Bar of the Courts of the District of Columbia, the Court of Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States, and has practiced before them all. His services in the Geneva Arbitration and in the Alabama Court and French

Claims Commission, together with his experience as Assistant-Secretary of State, have rendered him familiar with the law of claims, and he brings to his new office a stock of practical knowledge possessed by few, and which will be not only of infinite use to him in his exalted position, but of great value to the country and the cause of justice.

#### HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEW YORK.

**THE** election of Hon. William Maxwell Evarts as United States Senator from New York has given very great satisfaction to the best men of all parties throughout the State. Mr. Evarts's career has been a distinguished one, and for nearly forty years he has been a conspicuous figure at the Bar and in public affairs. He is a native of Boston, where he was born, February 6th, 1818. He graduated at Yale College at the age of nineteen years, af-

terwards entering the Harvard law school, and in 1841 was admitted to the Bar in this city. His ability as a logical thinker and an eloquent advocate soon placed him in the forefront of his profession. In 1857 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Union College, and the same honor was paid him by Yale in 1865, and by Harvard in 1870. In 1868, he was counsel for Andrew Johnson during the great impeachment trial, his accurate and extensive knowledge of the laws of this and other countries and his power in argument contributing immensely to the successful issue of the case. From July 15th, 1868, until the close of President Johnson's administration Mr. Evarts, with signal ability, filled the office of Attorney-general. In the Alabama matter Mr. Evarts acted as counsel for the United States, and his powerful presentation of the American case had a marked effect upon the Geneva tribunal and aided it largely in reaching a just and equitable decision in regard to the settlement of the Alabama Claims. As the senior counsel for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his famous trial in Brooklyn in 1875, Mr. Evarts achieved fresh distinction. In 1876 he was appointed by Governor Tilden to serve on the Charter Commission, and March, 1877, he entered President Hayes's Cabinet as Secretary of State. In that position he put new life into the department, and closed his term with general satisfaction to the country.

In the course of his long and brilliant career at the Bar, Mr. Evarts has conducted many cases of the greatest importance. His services have been most eagerly sought in suits involving great corporations, and he has been engaged in many famous railway actions. He took a conspicuous part in the rapid transit litigation in this city. The *Tribune* characterizes his position truly when it says that, "Since the retirement of the late Charles O'Connor from active practice, Mr. Evarts has been looked upon as the leader of the American Bar." His high reputation for thorough familiarity with constitutional law, his prominent position in the Republican Party, and

his convincing eloquence made him the man to whom all Republicans turned anxiously when it was decided that the questions on which the Presidency depended should be argued before the Electoral Commission of 1877. Before that tribunal he made a forcible and impressive pleading. Since his retirement from the State Department Mr. Evarts has devoted himself to his profession, though his voice has been heard in public during political campaigns and on other occasions. His election as Senator was the result of an overwhelming expression of popular preference which the Legislature was wholly unable to disregard.

#### A JAPANESE VILLAGE IN ENGLAND.

A JAPANESE village has been built in London, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks. The houses were put up by the subjects of the Tycoon, and will be inhabited by them exclusively. Every art and industry of Japan will be practically illustrated, and the methods employed by the skilled workmen in every branch of Japanese industry cannot



WASHINGTON, D. C.—HON. JOHN DAVIS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE, UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS.



NEW YORK.—HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.



fail to be of great interest to the students in art and technical schools. In addition to this more serious feature of the enterprise, there will be exhibitions of the customs of the Japanese people and their amusements, among which may be mentioned theatrical shows and wrestling matches. A Japanese garden has been laid out, and a temple, restaurant and tea-houses will be interesting annexes.

#### A PROSPEROUS COUNTRY.

THE Grand Forks (Dak.) *Daily Herald* published, January 1st, a large ten-page holiday number, giving a most thorough and encouraging resume of the last year's growth and business in that city and its tributary districts. The grain elevator receipts in 1884, and the towns near by, exceeded two million bushels, and from the city over forty thousand tons of freight was forwarded by rail and river. Grand Forks County now contains forty-two towns and cities and about twenty thousand inhabitants, while the value of the taxable property within its limits and immediately tributary to it is nearly thirty million dollars. In view of these facts and others similar, representing the growth of but little more than a dozen years, a substantial future for North Dakota, as a field for industry and investment, would seem to be firmly assured. The Dakota Investment Company, of Grand Forks, having an ample paid-up capital, a wise management, and an excellent record, offers to Eastern investors opportunities which exist in no other parts of the country to place loans at a liberal profit and on a perfect security.

#### BOOK NOTICE.

"THE HISTORICAL SKETCHBOOK AND GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS," Illustrated Exposition Edition, with Map. New York: Will H. Coleman, 1885.

This handsome volume is not only a guide to the Crescent City, but is also an historical work of no mean pretensions. The tourist will find in it a sensible, well-informed traveling companion, full of information, and that information at once reliable and enjoyable. The illustrations are numerous and the maps exhaustive.

#### FUN.

SONGS without words are said to be very popular this season. There is only one improvement we can suggest, and that is—to omit the music, too.

SAYS Tennyson: "Men are God's trees." This is encouraging. There are two or three men who have been sore trials to our patience. But now that we know that they are trees, they will probably leave some time.

It is a newspaper of the respectable City of Providence which, telling the Western story of a Keokuk head waiter's knocking down a maiden in love with him by a skillfully aimed plate, remarks that he was a gay dish heaver!

"Why, what are you putting that on my feet for?" asked a man with a heavy cold. "Why, to draw the cold out of your head," answered the considerate nurse. "The deuce you say? I would rather have it stay where it is than be drawn the whole length of my body." At any rate, there is a more pleasant method than that—go and get me a bottle of Dr. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP.

MISTRESS. "Mercy, Bridget! what's the matter with the water? This did not come out of the filter, did it?" BRIDGET. "Indeed it did, mum." "That's strange; I am afraid you have not cleaned it lately." "I did that this very morning, mum, and such a lot of stuff as I found in it, sure." Why, mum, there was most a peck of dirt, mum. "Dear me! What kind of dirt?" "Gravel and charcoal, mum."

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

AN eminent lawyer of the City of New York, Hon. JOS. R. FLENDERS, formerly law partner of ex-Vice President Wheeler, and for several years a member of the N. Y. State Legislature, was called upon by a Reporter at his well-appointed office in "Temple Court," and interviewed in regard to his experience with Compound Oxygen. "I found him," says the Reporter, "disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health." His statement was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health since I was twenty-one years of age was not at any time vigorous. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had departed.

"So I kept on until the Summer of 1882. Then I went to Thousand Islands, where I staid several weeks with friends. But I found that the atmosphere did not agree with me. I came away feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw my old law partner, Vice-President Wheeler, he told me that the Doctor had said to him that he never expected to see me again alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in such a state of exhaustion that I was unable to leave the house except on mild days, and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

Meanwhile my son had learned something about Compound Oxygen, and wrote, urging me to try it. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. In September, however, my son came to New York and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Drs. Starkey & Palen's office in New York. I went not because I had any faith in this treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case, he thought I was so far gone that he scarcely dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the 7th of October I commenced taking Compound Oxygen. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the 19th of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble and to require close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it, and to do a little work. One complication after another arose. I kept working at it all Winter and into the Spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the Spring, to my astonishment and that of my friends, I was fit as ever for hard work.

"My present health is such that I can without hard ship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession, as of old. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete, as also it is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, otherwise I should not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have this freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical recuperation as I was."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, will send free to any one who will write for it their Treatise on Compound Oxygen.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

##### WELL PLEASED.

DR. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

##### "Permanent."

THERE are medicines which give only temporary relief and then leave the sufferer worse off than before, especially in cases of dyspepsia. Remember that this is not the way with Brown's Iron Bitters. See what Mr. J. M. Gaines, of Gaines, S. C., says about this principle of tonics: "My wife has been greatly benefited by it; she had been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and now I believe she is permanently cured." It also cures liver and kidney complaints.

JOSH BILLINGS says that no one of the humorists who came on before Artemus Ward was able to pay for his own funeral. It is not necessary for a humorist to have funds to pay for his funeral. There are always plenty of people to be found who will gladly furnish the money.

#### A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all throat troubles.

"My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the Lozenge, which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat for which the 'Troches' are a specific having made me often a mere whisperer."—N. P. WILLIS.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

WHITTIER says that he often wrote poetry in the presence of his mother and sister, their talk never disconcerting him. This shows how little the venerable poet cares for the fashions.

THE "TASKEE" skating shoe has been designed especially to supply the great demand that there is at present for a Ladies shoe made in such a manner as to give a firm support to the ankle.

This shoe has received the hearty approval of many amateur and professional skaters, and is recommended by them and by the managers of the Brooklyn Roller-skating Rink. The shoe is cut extra high, and made to lace tightly over the instep and ankle; the heel is made the exact size and shape that has been found to be best adapted to all sizes of skates, and the soles are exactly the proper thickness required for the clamps of all patent skates.

The shoe makes a stylish walking boot, and may be worn on all occasions.

WHILE the thermometer was down at thirty-five below zero the other night in a Dakota town, a burglar broke open a safe and carried away a cool thousand dollars in gold.

"Far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine and iron," says Prof. F. W. HUNT, M.D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, etc., etc., of the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC. It will construct the most shattered and enfeebled, reinvigorate the aged and infirm, and build up sickly children. Invaluable in female complaints, removing irregularity, pains and exhaustion. Quiescent restless children and infants. Strengthens weak nerves.

#### "I DON'T KNOW WHAT AILS ME,"

says many a sufferer. "I have the 'blues' frightfully; I am troubled with headache and dizziness; I have lost my appetite; there is a bad taste in my mouth constantly. What is the matter with me?" We will tell you; you are "bilious." Get a bottle of DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," use it faithfully, and you will soon be a new man again. All druggists have it.

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#### "SAID AARON TO MOSES,"

Aaron must have been a sufferer from catarrh. The desperation which catarrh produces is often sufficient to make people say and do many rash things and many continue suffering just as if no such cure as DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY existed. It cures every case from the simplest to the most complicated, and all the consequences of catarrh. A person once cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will not be apt to take cold again, as it leaves the mucous membranes healthy and strong. By druggists.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

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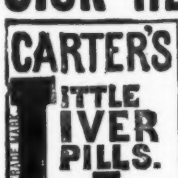
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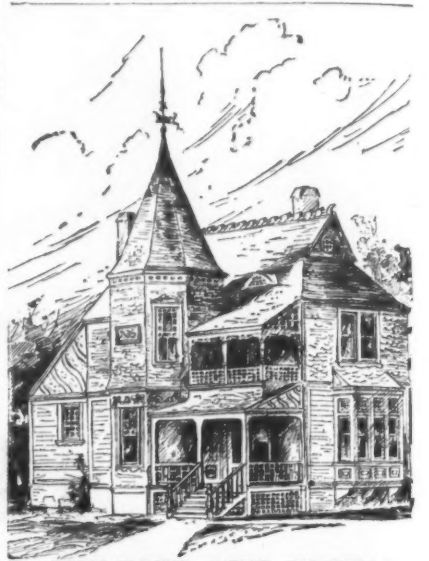
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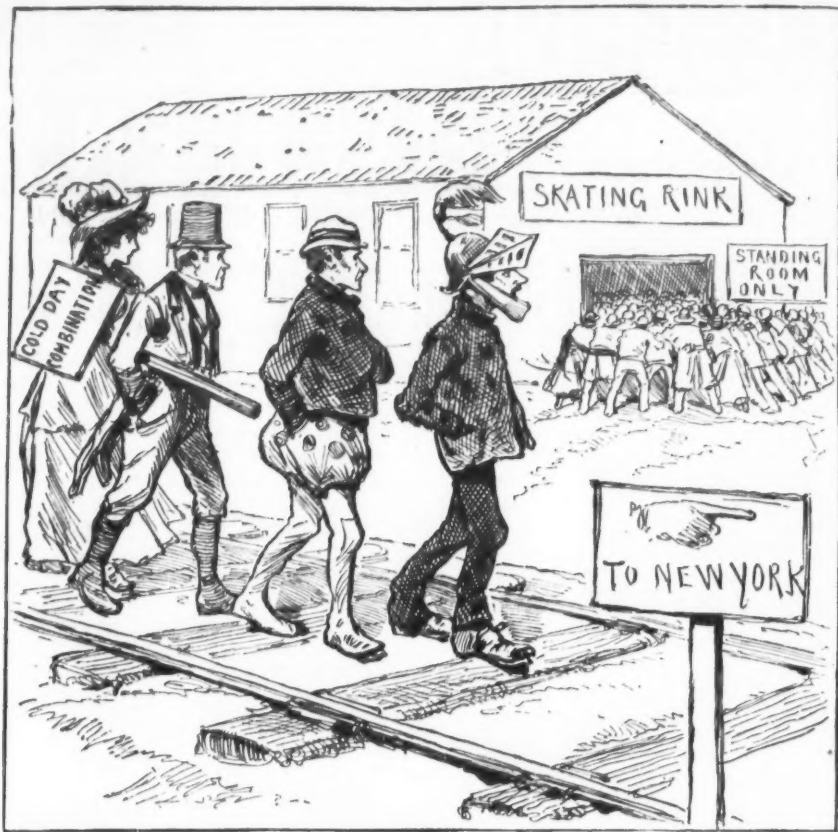
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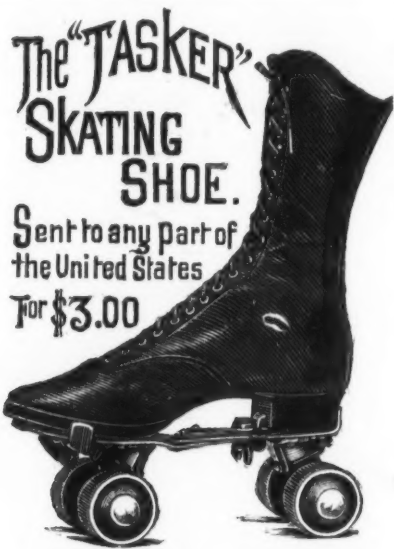








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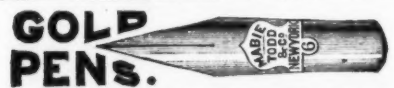


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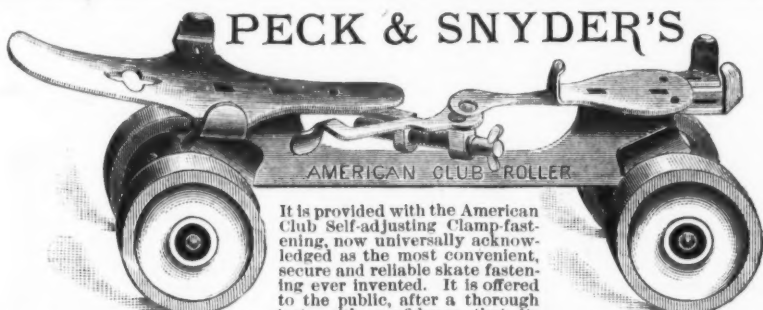


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